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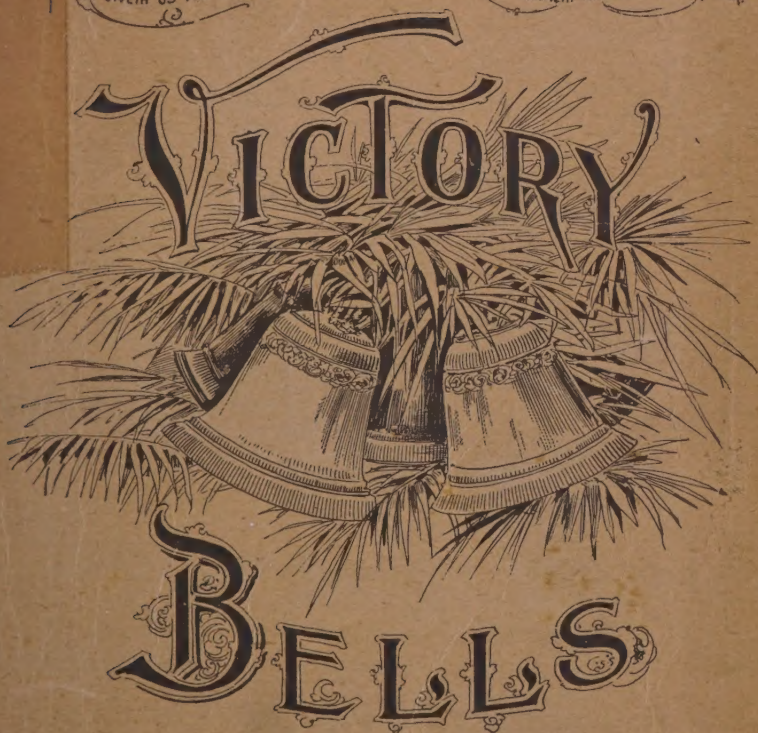






THANKS BE TO GOD WHICH  
GIVETH US THE VICTORY.

THIS IS THE VICTORY THAT  
OVERCOMETH THE WORLD EVEN OUR FAITH.



BY REV. C. E. ROWLEY.

*For Revival Services, Prayer Meetings, Young  
Peoples Societies & The Sunday School.*

Single Copy 10¢

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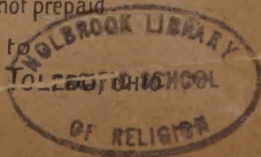
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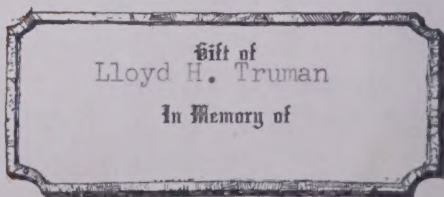
C. E. ROWLEY, 1334 LINCOLN AVE. CLEVELAND, OHIO

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CBPac



103308



BRADBURY.

hed for me,  
dark blot,  
any a doubt,  
of the mind,  
nse, relieve,

I come.  
I come.  
I come.  
I come.  
I come.

M. MILLER.

enter there;  
ll be mine.  
no more!  
o more!  
below,  
ves o'erflow;  
own  
r the throne.

the Lamb  
ns, and has  
ain.  
the God of

sought us,  
ays,

2 We praise Thee, O God for Thy Spirit of light,  
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.

5 Revive us again, fill each heart with Thy love;  
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

# Victory Bells.

## No. 1. Jesus Came to Save.

C. E. R.

C. E. ROWLEY.

1. Vic - to - ry in Je - sus, Vic - t'ry in His name;  
2. Saves from con - dem - na - tion, Saves from guilt and fear,  
3. Trust Him for His mer - cy, Par - don full and free,

Christ, the world's Re - deem - er, All - a - ton - ing Lamb,  
Saves from cru - el bond - age, Wipes the fall - ing tear;  
Ut - ter - most sal - va - tion, Bliss - ful pu - ri - ty;

### REFRAIN.

Came to earth from glo - ry, Triumphed o'er the grave;  
Peace! to toss - ing bil - lows, Calms the troub - led wave;  
For the world's re - demp - tion Christ His life He gave;

*Rit.*

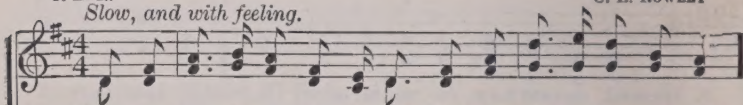
Shout the joy - ful sto - ry, "Je - sus came to save!"  
Shout the joy - ful sto - ry, "Je - sus came to save!"  
Shout the joy - ful sto - ry, "Je - sus came to save!"

# No. 4. Look Away to Calvary's Mountain.

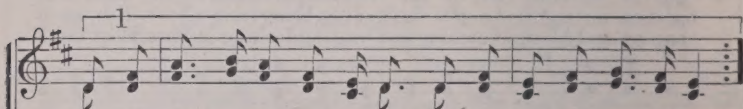
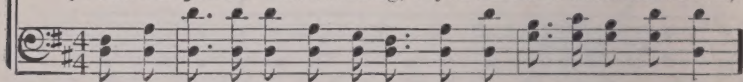
C. E. R.

C. E. ROWLEY

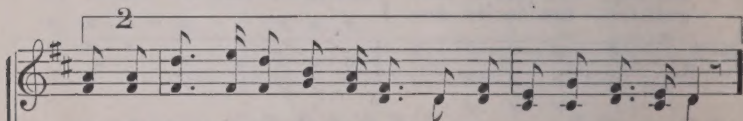
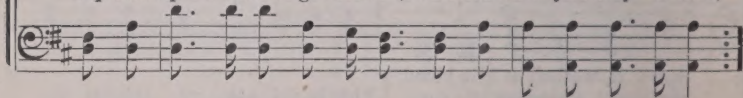
*Slow, and with feeling.*



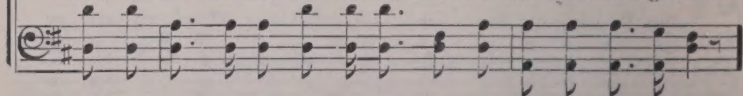
1. { Sin - ner, come, oh, come to Je - sus, Oh, why longer stay a - way?  
Come with all thy heav - y bur - dens, Lay them down at Je - sus' feet,
2. { Sin has made thy pathway dreary, Je - sus knows it all full well;  
List - en to His ten - der pleading, "Sin - ner, turn, why will you die?"
3. { Look a - way to Calv'ry's mountain Where the Savior died for thee,  
Peace that passeth understanding, Joy of heav'n to earth come down;



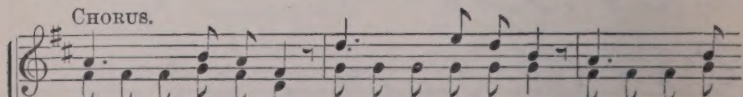
He is wait - ing to re - ceive you, Change thy darknes in - to day;  
Heav - y - lad - en, and so wea - ry, More than human tongue can tell;  
O - pened up the cleansing fountain, That from sin you may be free, —



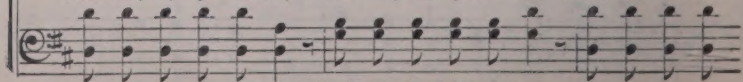
He will fill thy soul with gladness, And give vic - to - ry complete.  
Gracious par - don He would give thee, And a hap - py home on high.  
Here, an ut - ter - most sal - va - tion, There, a nev - er - fad - ing crown.



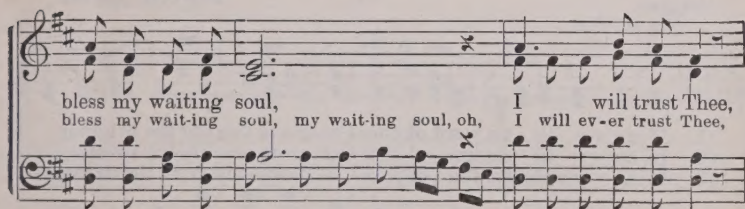
## CHORUS.



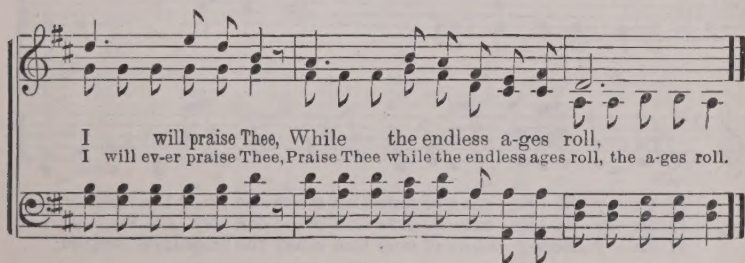
Bless - ed Je - sus, lov - - ing Sav - ior, Bless, oh,  
Bless me, oh, my Sav - ior, bless me, oh, my Sav - ior, Come, oh, come and



# Look Away to Calvary's Mountain.—*Concluded.*



bless my waiting soul, I will trust Thee,  
 bless my wait-ing soul, my wait-ing soul, oh, I will ev-er trust Thee,



I will praise Thee, While the endless a-ges roll,  
 I will ev-er praise Thee, Praise Thee while the endless ages roll, the a-ges roll.

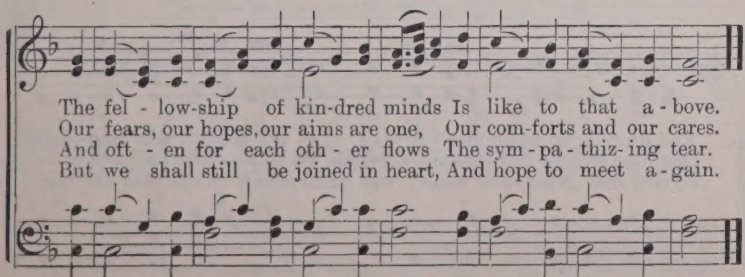
## No. 5. The Tie That Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT.

HANS GEORGI NAEGELI.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;  
 2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;  
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;  
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;



The fel - low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.  
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.  
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

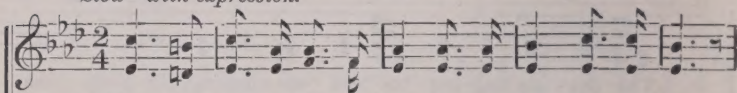
# No. 8. THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

(Companion to "Toiling up the Way.")

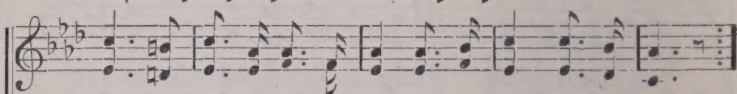
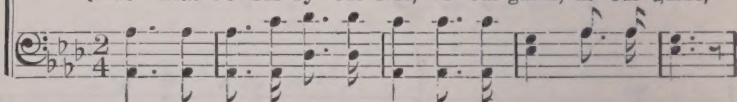
Words and Music

By I. N. McHose.

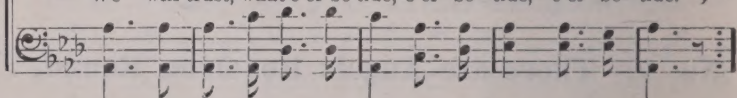
*Slow—with expression.*



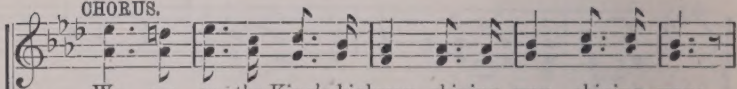
1. { We are on our journey home, journey home, journey home,  
'Tis de-light-ful all a-long, all a-long, all a-long;
2. { Tho' as pil-grims here be-low, here be-low, here be-low;  
But with Je-sus by our side, as our guide, as our guide,



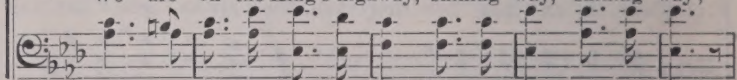
Nev - er more in sin to roam, sin to roam, sin to roam. }  
As we cheer it with our song, with our song, with our song. }  
Meet - ing con-flicts as we go, as we go, as we go; }  
We will trust, what e'er be-tide, e'er be - tide, e'er be - tide. }



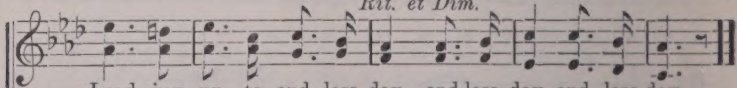
## CHORUS.



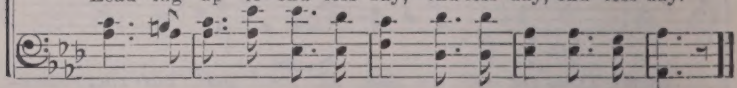
We are on the King's highway, shining way, shining way;



*Rit. et Dim.*



Lead - ing up to end-less day, end-less day, end-less day.



- 3 Jesus comforts all the way, all the way, all the way,  
And our tears He wipes away, wipes away, wipes away;  
We as children of the King, of the King, Heavenly King,  
In our journey sweetly sing, sweetly sing, sweetly sing.
- 4 When at last our journey's o'er, journey's o'er, journey's o'er,  
And arrive on yonder shore, yonder shore, yonder shore;  
We will sing forever more, ever more, ever more,  
With the blood-washed gone before, gone before, gone before.

# No. 9.

C. E. R.

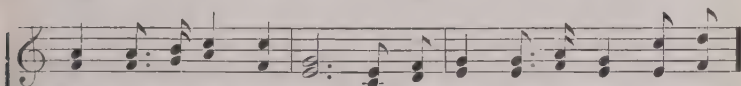
# Oh, Victory!

C. E. ROWLEY.

*Moderato.*



1. I was lost, now I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb That was
2. At the cross there is rest for the sin-bur-dened soul; Hear His
3. Brother, you, too, may come for the full-ness of love; Per-fect



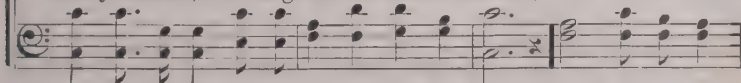
shed on the cross for me; Tak-en out of the pit and the  
kind in-vi-ta-tion, "Come!" All thy bur-dens on Him He in-  
peace shall to you be giv'n; Ev-ry doubt, ev-'ry fear Christ will



**CHORUS.** *Vigorously.*



deep, mir-y clay. Praise the Lord for vic-to-ry!  
vites thee to roll, And no more in sin to roam. } Oh, vic-to-ry,  
sure-ly re-move, And will guide thee home to heav'n. }



glad vic-to-ry Is com-ing down from heav'n to my soul!



Faith is the vic-to-ry that overcomes, And makes the wounded spirit whole.

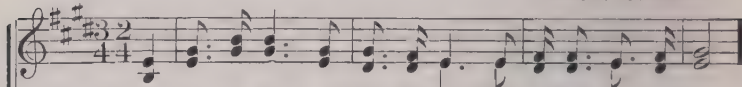


# No. 10. He Fully Saves Me Now.

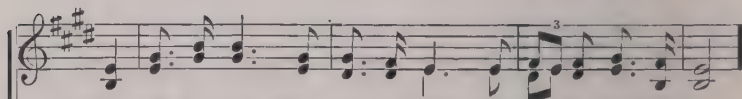
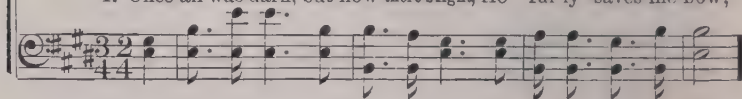
"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. 7: 25.

L. L. P.

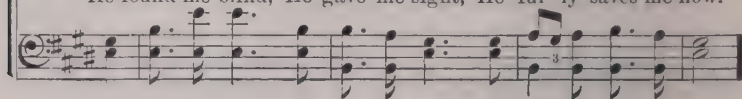
REV. L. L. PICKETT.



1. I came to Je - sus with my sin, He ful - ly saves me now;
2. Once guilt - y fears oppressed my soul, He ful - ly saves me now;
3. Sin's i - ron chains once held me fast, He ful - ly saves me now;
4. Once all was dark, but now there's light, He ful - ly saves me now;



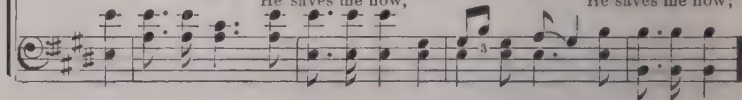
He washed a - way its ev - 'ry stain, He ful - ly saves me now.  
His cleans - ing blood has made me whole, He ful - ly saves me now.  
But I'm redeemed, I'm free at last, He ful - ly saves me now.  
He found me blind, He gave me sight, He ful - ly saves me now.



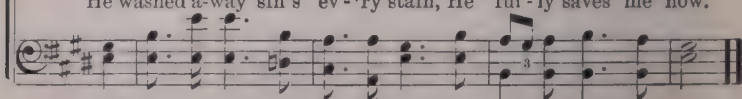
## CHORUS.



He ful - ly saves me now, He free - ly saves me now;  
He saves me now, He saves me now;



He washed a - way sin's ev - 'ry stain, He ful - ly saves me now.



- |                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>5 The Sun of righteousness has risen,<br/>His beams have turned my hell to heaven.</p> <p>6 Converted first at Calvary's cross,<br/>My barque on many a wave was tossed.</p> | <p>7 I sought again my Savior's side,<br/>In the upper room was sanctified.</p> <p>8 His gracious Spirit dwells within,<br/>His fire consumed indwelling sin.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

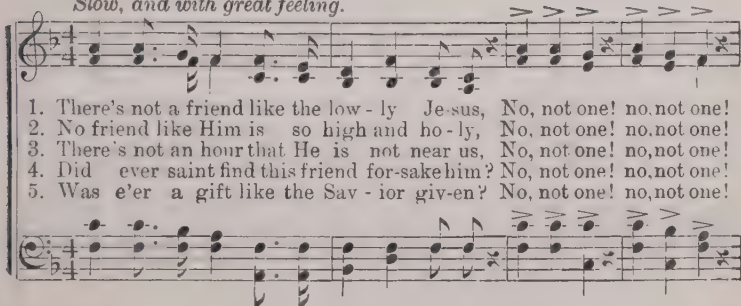
# No. 11.

# No, Not One!

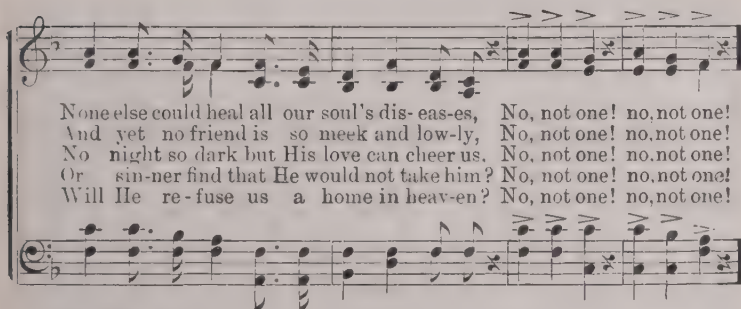
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Geo. C. Hugg.

*Slow, and with great feeling.*

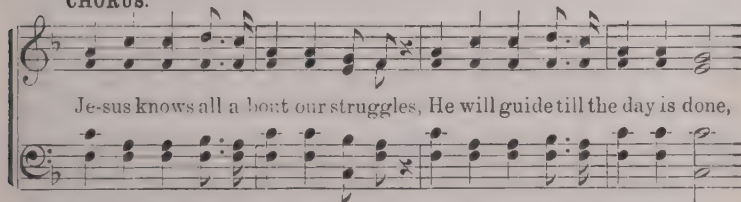


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!  
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!  
 4. Did ever saint find this friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!  
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

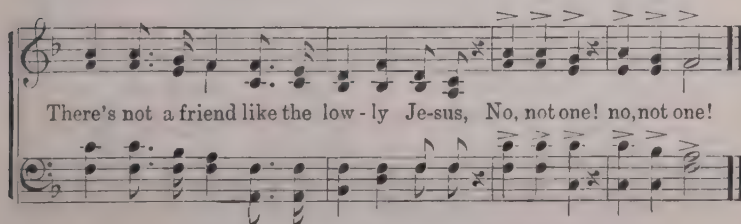


None else could heal all our soul's dis-eases, No, not one! no, not one!  
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!  
 Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!  
 Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

## CHORUS.



Je-sus knows all a bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,



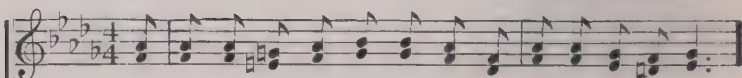
There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

# No. 12. "Receive Ye the Holy Ghost."

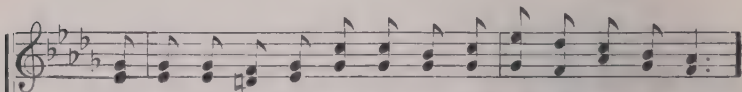
Mrs. C. H. M.

Jno. 20: 22.

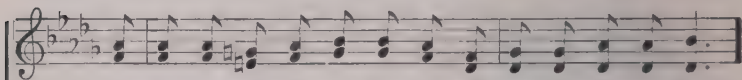
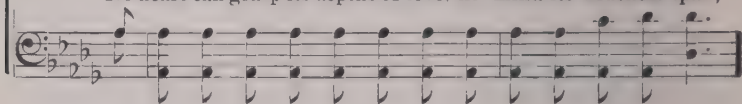
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



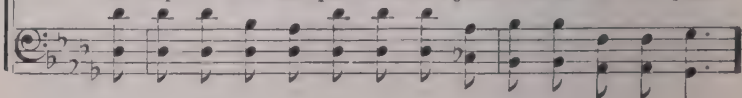
1. If you would be ef - fi - cient in the serv - ice of the Lord,
2. If you would be a con - quer - or while battling here be - low,
3. If you would walk in sunshine tho' the dark clouds hover near,
4. Oh, glo - ri - ous sal - va - tion of - fered full and free to man!



If you with more than mortal pow'r would wield the Spirit's sword,  
If you with o - ver - com - ing faith would meet the wi - ly foe,  
If you would know a fel - low - ship than earthly ties more dear,  
No heart can grasp its depths of love, no mind its wideness span;



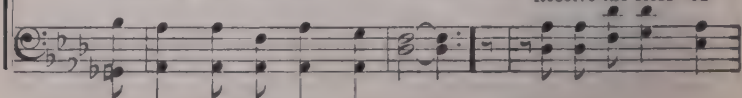
Ac - cept the blest pro - vi - sion God has of - fered in His word,  
If you would stand unmoved when ad - verse winds and tempests blow,  
If you would find the "per - fect love which cast - eth out all fear,"  
Ac - cept it now as part of God's great "who - so - ev - er" plan,



## CHORUS.



"Re - ceive ye the Ho - ly Ghost." Receive the Ho - ly  
Receive the bless - ed



# “Receive Ye the Holy Ghost.”—*Concluded.*

Ghost, ... Ac-cept the promised pow'r,..... Your  
Ho - ly Ghost, Ac-cept to-day the prom - ised pow'r,

her - i - tage in Je - sus claim This ver - y day and hour,

Ac-cept your Pen-te-cost, Re-ceive the Ho-ly Ghost.  
Accept to-day your Pen-te-cost, Receive the blessed Ho-ly Ghost.

## No. 13. I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-seat.

*(Use any Common Meter Hymn with this Chorus.)*

I'm kneeling at the mer-cy-seat, I'm kneeling at the mer-cy-seat,  
CHO.—I can, I will, I do be-lieve. I can, I will, I do be-lieve,

I'm kneeling at the mer - cy-seat. Where Je - sus an-swers prayer.  
I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je - sus saves me now.

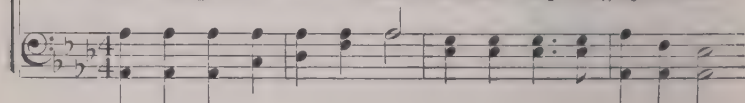
# No. 16. Come, Almighty Spirit!

Mrs. FLORA B. HARRIS.

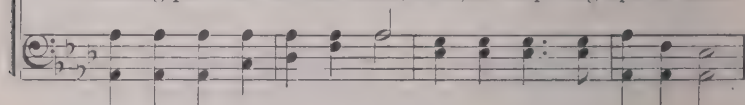
CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.



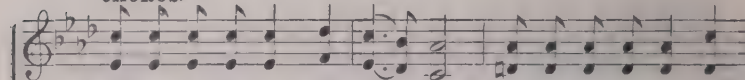
1. Swift as storm-wind from the skies, Come, O quick'ning Spirit, come!
2. Soft as dew on heav'nly hills, Come, O hal-lowed Spirit come!
3. Light and pu - ri - ty di - vine, Come, O cleans-ing Spirit, come!
4. Burn with pen - te - cos - tal flame, Come, all-conqu'ring Spirit, come!



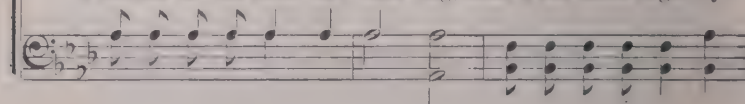
Bid the fettered dead a - rise, Come, O quick'ning Spir-it, come!  
Sweet as stream from heav'nly rills, Come, O hal-lowed Spir-it, come!  
Bid the foul-est darkness shine, Come, O cleans-ing Spir-it, come!  
Breathing pow'r in Je - sus' name, Come, all-conqu'ring Spir-it, come!



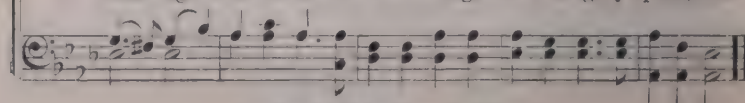
## CHORUS.



Prom-ise of the Lord as - cend - ing, Heav'n and earth in glo - ry



blend-ing, Comforter of souls descending, Come, almighty Spirit, come!

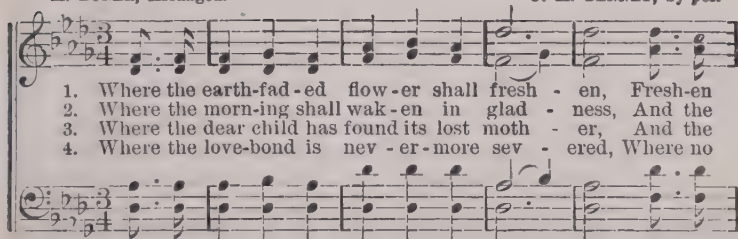


## No. 17.

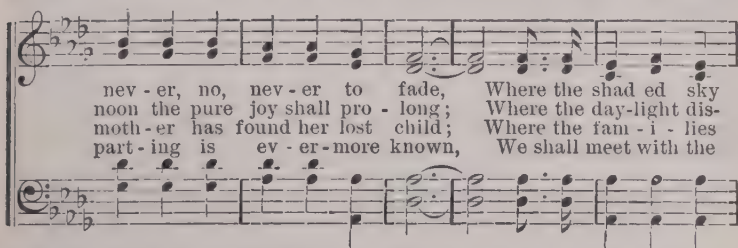
## WE'LL BE THERE.

H. BONAR, Arranged.

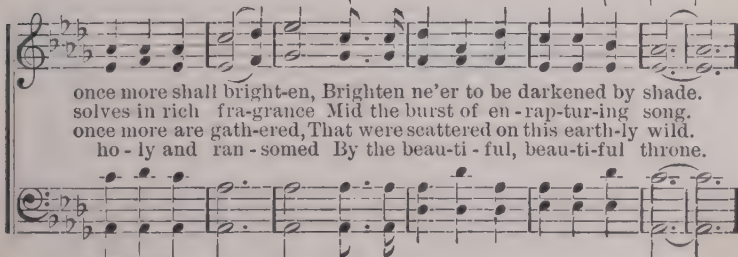
J. H. TENNEY, by per.



1. Where the earth-fad-ed flow-er shall fresh - en, Fresh-en  
 2. Where the morn-ing shall wak-en in glad - ness, And the  
 3. Where the dear child has found its lost moth - er, And the  
 4. Where the love-bond is nev - er-more sev - ered, Where no

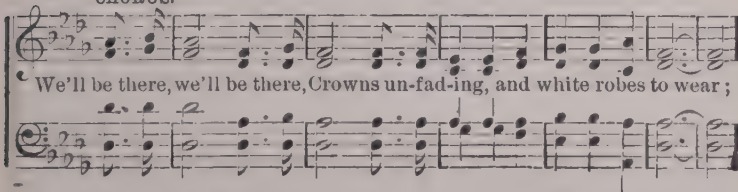


nev - er, no, nev - er to fade, Where the shad ed sky  
 noon the pure joy shall pro - long; Where the day-light dis-  
 moth-er has found her lost child; Where the fam - i - lies  
 part-ing is ev - er-more known, We shall meet with the

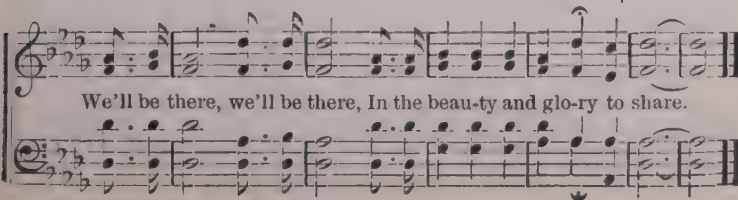


once more shall bright-en, Brighten ne'er to be darkened by shade.  
 solves in rich fra-grance Mid the burst of en-rap-tur-ing song.  
 once more are gath-ered, That were scattered on this earth-ly wild.  
 ho - ly and ran - somed By the beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful throne.

## CHORUS.



We'll be there, we'll be there, Crowns un-fad-ing, and white robes to wear;



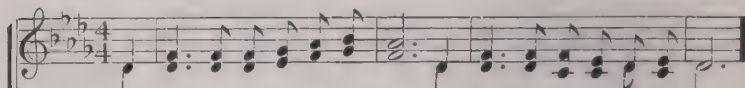
We'll be there, we'll be there, In the beau-ty and glo-ry to share.

# No. 18. Come Back, Wanderer.

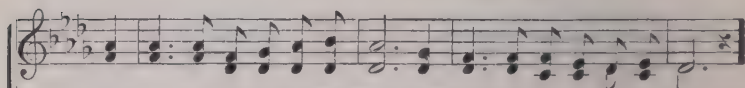
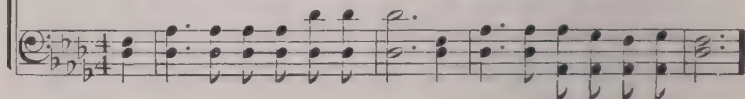
They have wandered as blind men.—Sam. 4: 14.

GEO. P. HOTT.

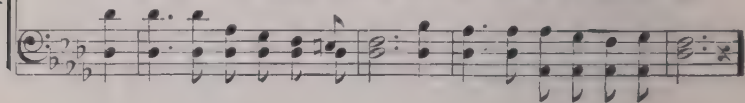
E. T. HILDEBRAND.



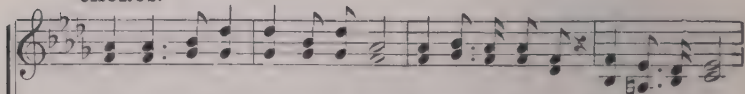
1. O homeless wand'rer, sad and lone, An in - vitation sweet is giv'n;
2. Why wander longer from thy God, When saints and an-gels ever wait
3. To find the blissful pa-a - dise, Thy feet should hasten on the way;



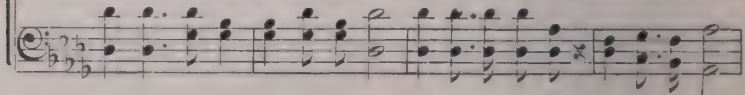
Lay down your burden at His feet, And claim a mansion fair in heav'n.  
Thy quick return, with crowns of gold. And welcomes, at the golden gate?  
Nor tarry, 'till the shades of night Are lost in an e - ter-nal day.



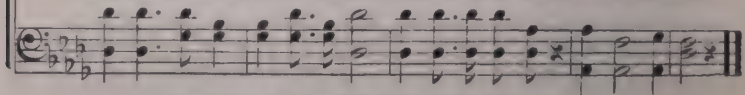
## CHORUS.



Come back, wand'rer, why longer stray? Jesus, thy Savior, calls thee to-day;



Come back, wand'rer, why longer stray? Jesus, thy Savior, calls thee today.

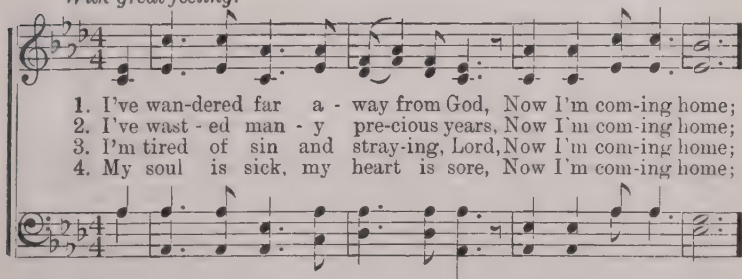


# No. 19. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

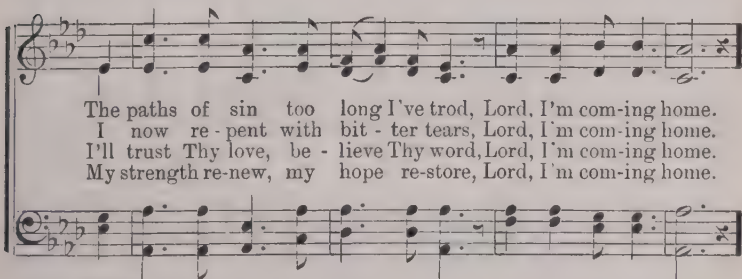
W. J. K.

*With great feeling.*

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

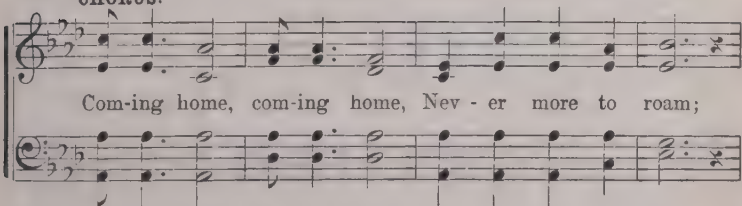


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 2. I've wast-ed man - y pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;



The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I now re-pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I'll trust Thy love, be-lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

## CHORUS.



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er more to roam;



O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

5 My only hope, my only plea.

Now I'm coming home,  
 That Jesus died, and died for me,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,

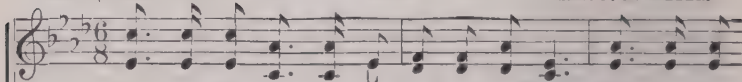
Now I'm coming home;  
 Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

# No. 20. Jesus is Passing By.

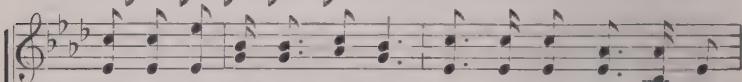
Arr. by Rev. J. H. W.

"Jesus passed by."—John 9: 1.

Rev. J. H. WEBER.



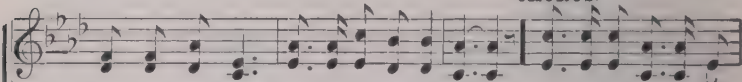
1. "Je - sus is pass-ing." the blind man was told. Who by the
2. "Je - sus, my Sav - ior, have mer-cy on me! O - pen my
3. "Je - sus is pass-ing." if, feel-ing your need. Ear - nest en-



way-side was beg-ging of old, Wish-ing that Je - sus His  
eyes, and from sin set me free; Help-less and need - y. I  
treat-ies He sure-ly will heed; If you but ask Him, your



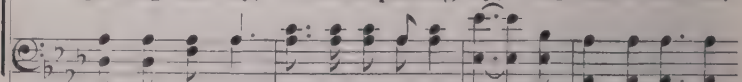
## CHORUS.



sight would un-fold, "Je-sus is pass-ing by." } Je-sus is passing. He's  
come un - to Thee, Je-sus is pass-ing by." }  
soul shall be freed, Je-sus is pass-ing by. }



pass-ing this way, Je - sus is pass-ing by; Thou Son of Da - vid,



have mer-cy on me; Je - sus is pass - ing by.

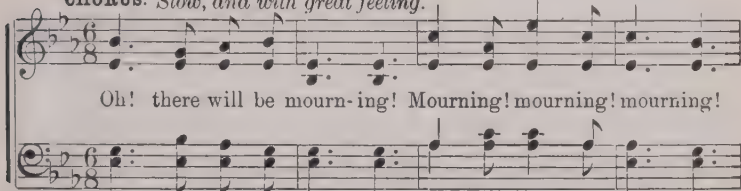


By per. Rev. J. H. Weber.

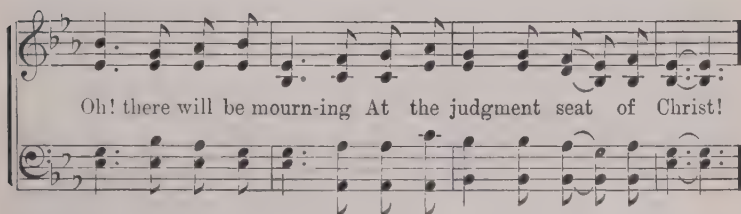
# No. 21. Oh, There Will be Mourning!

Arr. by Mrs. C. E. ROWLEY.

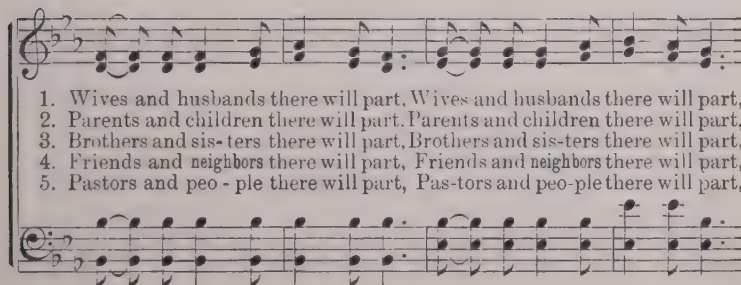
**CHORUS.** *Slow, and with great feeling.*



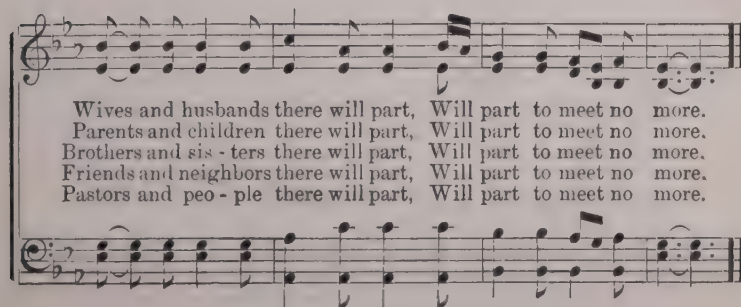
Oh! there will be mourn-ing! Mourning!mourning!mourning!



Oh! there will be mourn-ing At the judgment seat of Christ!



1. Wives and husbands there will part, Wives and husbands there will part,
2. Parents and children there will part, Parents and children there will part,
3. Brothers and sis- ters there will part, Brothers and sis- ters there will part,
4. Friends and neighbors there will part, Friends and neighbors there will part,
5. Pastors and peo- ple there will part, Pas- tors and peo- ple there will part,



Wives and husbands there will part,	Will part to meet no more.
Parents and children there will part,	Will part to meet no more.
Brothers and sis- ters there will part,	Will part to meet no more.
Friends and neighbors there will part,	Will part to meet no more.
Pastors and peo- ple there will part,	Will part to meet no more.

## No. 22.

## Safe To-night.

Rev. T. C. READE.

Mrs. C. E. ROWLEY.

1. { Ha-sten, Shepherd, to the mountain, Haste to gath-er in Thy flock;  
 { See the light-nig's fier-y ar-rrows! Hear the dread- [Omit. . . . .]  
 2. { See! the storm is drawing near-er: Rage the winds, the torrents moan;  
 { Is not one still left to per-ish, Un-pro-ject - [Omit. . . . .]  
 3. { Now the Shepherd climbs the mountain, While the echoing thun-ders roar;  
 { While the storm beats thick and blind-ing, And the mad [Omit. . . . .]

ful thun-der shock! Then out spoke the faith-ful Shep-herd:  
 ed, and a-lone? And the Shep-herd sad-ly an-swered,  
 dened tor-rents pour. Hark! what means that voice that whis-pers,


*Rit.**A tempo.*

"Long a-go my flock I sought, And with-in the  
 "Count-ing care-ful-ly, I find Nine-ty-nine are  
 "Sin-ner, haste to seek the light! Haste, and let the

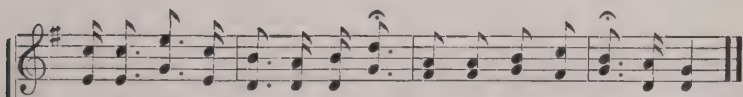
fold's pro-tec-tion All of mine I safe-ly brought."  
 safe-ly fold-ed—One, a-las! is left be-hind."  
 heav'nly Shep-herd Find His wand'-ring sheep to-night."

## Safe To-night.—Continued.

### CHORUS.



Safe to-night, safe to-night, Sweet-ly walk-ing in the light;




Sin-ner, will you come to Je-sus, And be fold-ed safe to-night?

## No. 23.

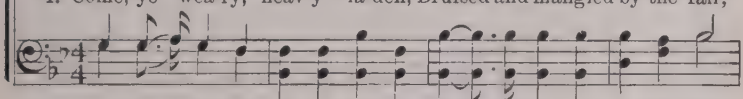
## I Will Arise.

J. HART.

American Spiritual.




1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free bounty glo-ri-fy;
3. Let not conscience make you linger. Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Bruised and mangled by the fall;

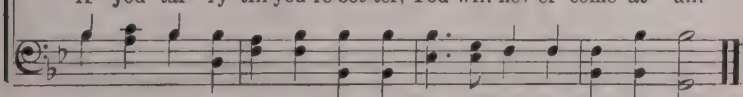


CHO.—*I will a-rise and go to Jes-us, He will embrace me in His arms;*

*D. C. for Chorus.*



Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r.  
 True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.  
 All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.  
 If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will never come at all.



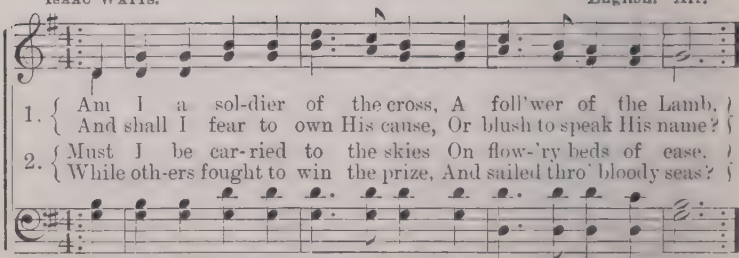
*In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.*

# No. 24.

# Battle Hymn.

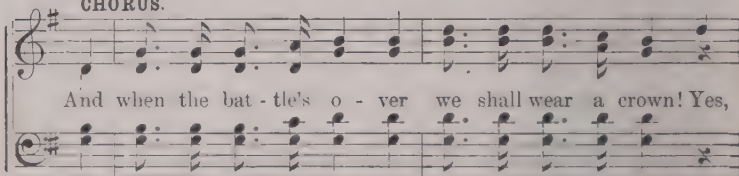
ISAAC WATTS.

English. Arr.

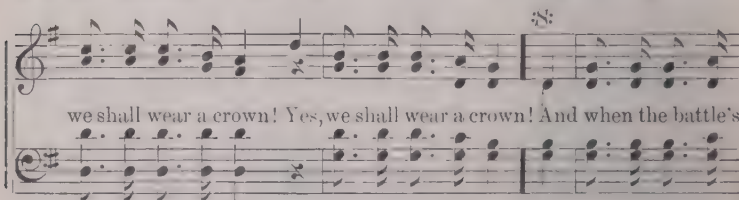


1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb, }  
 And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }  
 2. { Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, }  
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? }

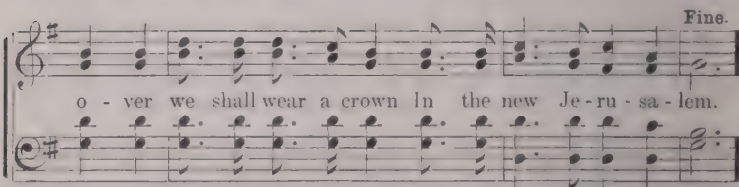
## CHORUS.



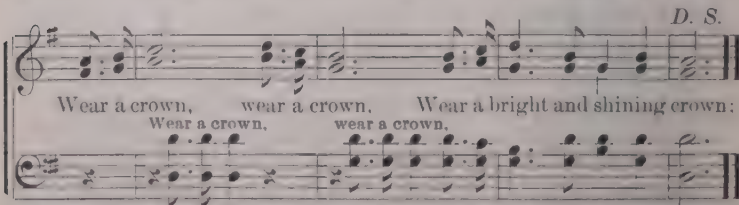
And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,



we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's



o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem. Fine.



Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown:  
 Wear a crown, wear a crown.

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace  
 To help me on to God?

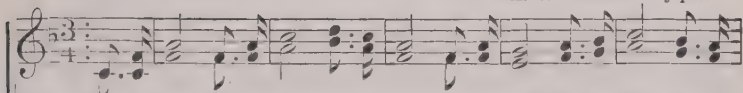
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,  
 Increase my courage, Lord:  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by Thy word.

# No. 25.

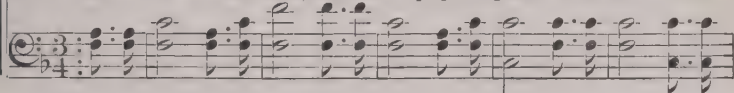
# The City of Light.

A. S. K.

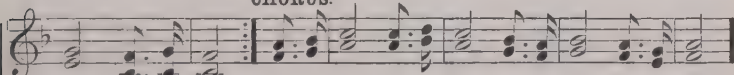
A. S. KIEFFER. By per.



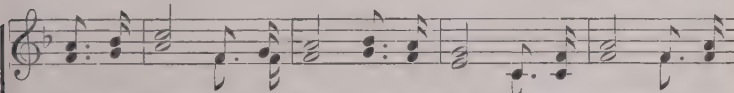
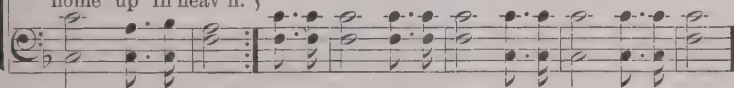
1. { There's a cit - y of light 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not a  
And the gates are of pearl, and the streets are of gold, And the building ex-
2. { Brother dear, never fear, -we shall triumph at last, If we trust in the  
When our tri - als and toils, and our weepings are past, We shall meet in that



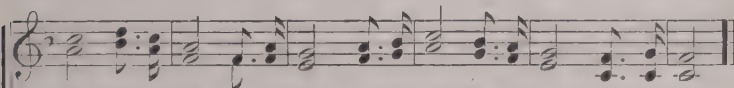
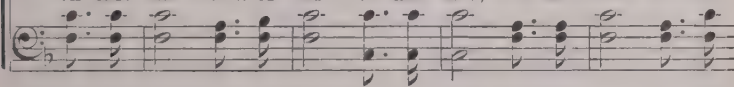
## CHORUS.



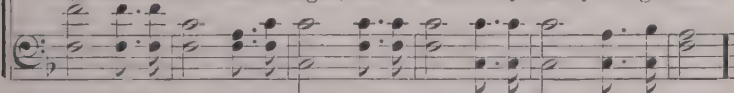
sor - row or care; }  
ceed - ing - ly fair. } Let us pray for each oth - er, nor faint by the way,  
word He has giv'n; }  
home up in heav'n. }



In this sad world of sor - row and care; For that home is so



bright, and is al - most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.



- 3 Sister dear, never fear, -for the Savior is near,  
With His hand He will lead you along;  
And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,  
And your mourning shall turn to a song.
- 4 Let us walk in the light of the gospel divine;  
Let us ever keep near to the cross;  
Let us love, watch, and pray, in our pilgrimage here;  
Let us count all things else but as loss.

# No. 26. Life's Railway to Heaven.

(Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men)

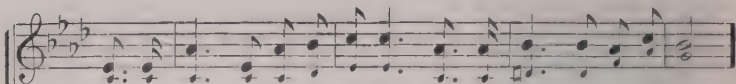
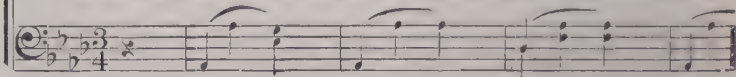
M. E. ABBEY.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

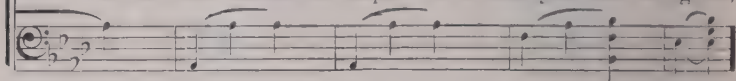
SOLO or DUET. *Tempo ad lib.*



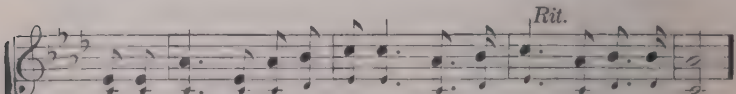
1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an en-gin-eer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri-al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft-en find obstructions, Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a-cross the tres-tle Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,



We must make the run successful. From the cra - dle to the grave;  
See that Christ is your conductor On this lightning train of life;  
On a fill, or curve, or trestle. They will almost ditch your train;  
You be-hold the Un-ion De-pot In to which your train will glide;



Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels; Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er quail;  
Al-ways mind-ful of ob-struc-tion, Do your du-ty, nev-er fail;  
Put your trust a-lone in Je-sus, Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er fail;  
There you'll meet the Superintendent, God the Fa-ther, God the Son,

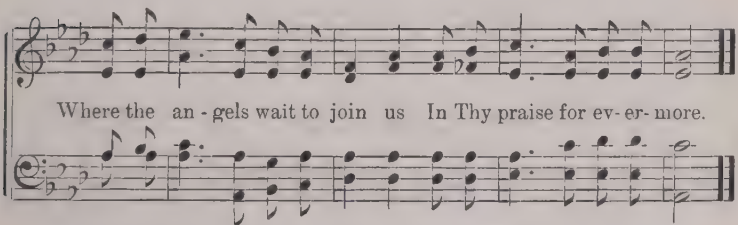
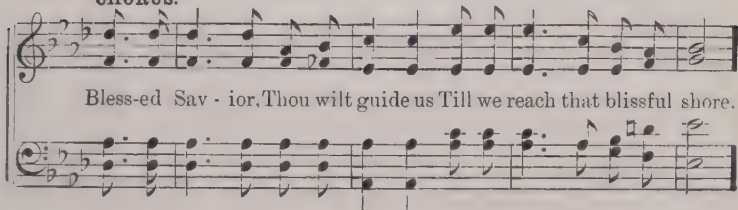


Keep your hand up-on the throttle. And your eye up-on the rail  
Keep your hand up-on the throttle. And your eye up-on the rail.  
Keep your hand up-on the throttle. And your eye up-on the rail.  
With the heart-y, joy-ous plaudit, "Wea-ry pil-gri-m, wel-come home."



# Life's Railway to Heaven.—*Concluded.*

## CHORUS.

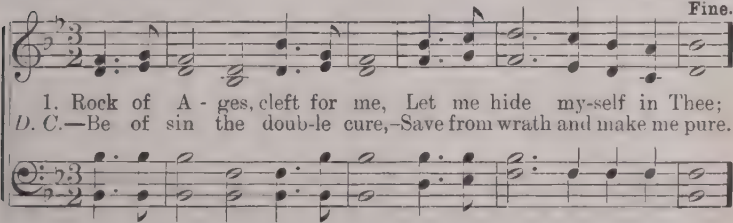


## No. 27. Rock of Ages.

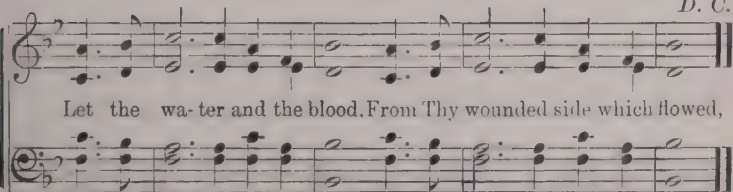
Rev. A. M. TOPLADY.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

Fine.



D. C.



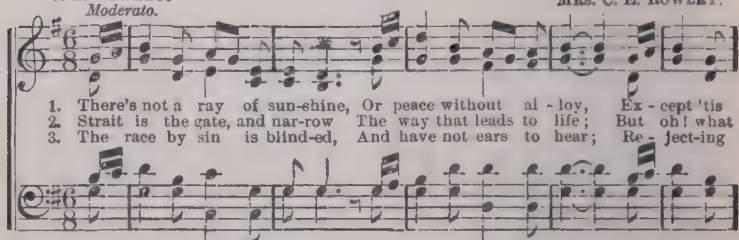
2 Could my tears forever flow,—  
Could my zeal no languor know,—  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

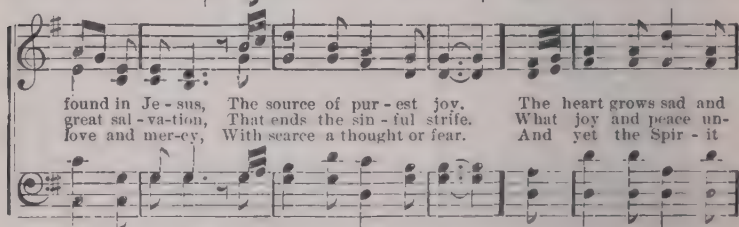
# No. 28. THE SAVIOUR BIDS THEE COME.

C. E. ROWLEY.  
*Moderato.*

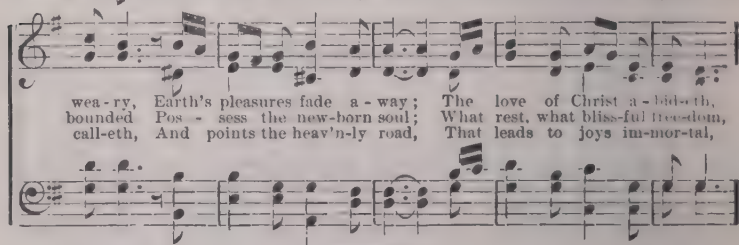
MRS. C. E. ROWLEY.



1. There's not a ray of sun-shine, Or peace without al-loy, Ex-cept 'tis  
2. Strait is the gate, and nar-row The way that leads to life; But oh! what  
3. The race by sin is blind-ed, And have not ears to hear; Re-ject-ing

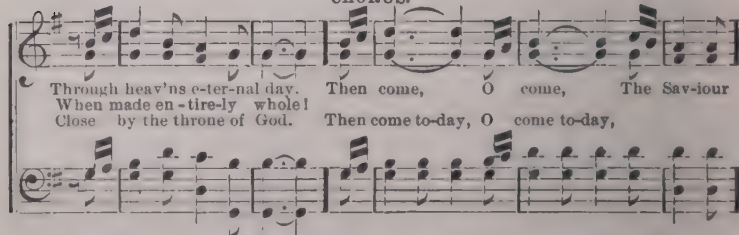


found in Je-sus, The source of pur-est joy. The heart grows sad and  
great sal-va-tion, That ends the sin-ful strife. What joy and peace un-  
love and mer-cy, With scarce a thought or fear. And yet the Spir-it

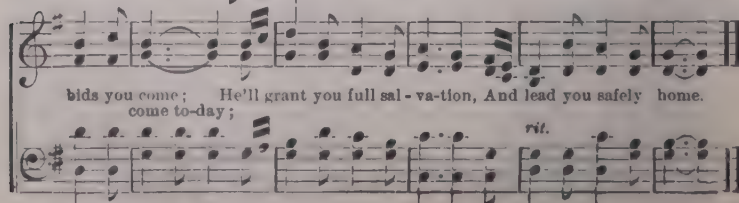


wea-ry, Earth's pleasures fade a-way; The love of Christ a-bid-eth,  
bounded Pos-sess the new-born soul; What rest, what bliss-ful free-dom,  
call-eth, And points the heav'n-ly road, That leads to joys im-mor-tal,

## CHORUS.



Through heav'n's e-ter-nal day. Then come, O come, The Sav-iour  
When made en-tire-ly whole! Then come to-day, O come to-day,  
Close by the throne of God.



bids you come; He'll grant you full sal-va-tion, And lead you safely home.  
come to-day;

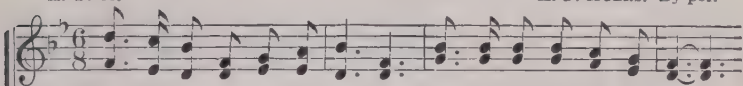
# No. 29.

# Closer to Thee.

"But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord."—2 Pet. 3: 18.

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS. By per.



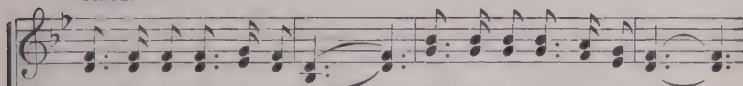
1. Grant me Thy bounti-ful bless-ing; Give me Thy beau-ty to see.
2. Help me to drink at the foun-tain, Grace that is flow-ing for me,
3. Give me the bless-ed as-sur-ance That I am pardoned and free;



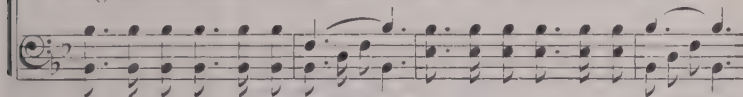
Dwell-ing within, make me use-ful; Bring me still clos-er to Thee.  
That can pro-ject and give com-fort: Bring me still clos-er to Thee.  
Give me Thy Spir-it to wit-ness; Bring me still clos-er to Thee.



## CHORUS.



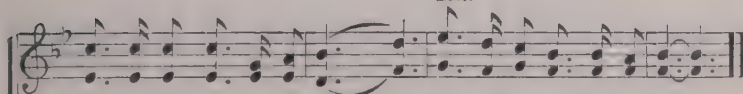
Bring me still clos-er to Thee, ... Near-er in love would I be;.....



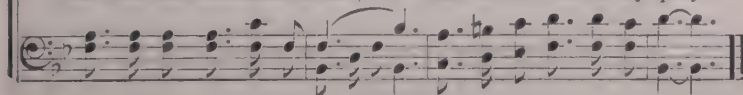
still clos-er to Thee,

would I be;

*Rit.*



Far from the world and its care,.... Near-er to Thee is my pray'r.



and its care,

# No. 30. GOD CARETH FOR ME.

Words by REV. T. C. READE.

Music by C. E. ROWLEY.

*Moderato.*

1. O join with the wor - shipping an-gels to sing
  2. All na-ture pro-claims Him; the out-er-most Star
  3. The Sea shouts a-loud to the cloud-cleaving hills,
  4. His breath is the wind, and His robe is the light,
1. O join with the wor-ship-ping an-gels to sing,

Of God, our Cre-a - tor, Pre-serv-er and King;  
 That hur-ries a-way on its mis-sion a - far,  
 The Vales swell the song with the mu-sic of rills,  
 His voice is the thun - der, His shadow is night:  
 Of God, our Cre-a - a - tor, Pre-serv-er and King;

Tran-scend-ent in glo - ry, in sta-tion most high,  
 Chants a-broad, as it flies o'er the won-der-ing Earth,  
 The earth is His foot - stool, and heav-en His throne;  
 He rides on the ten - pest, He walks on the sea,  
 Transcendent in glo-ry, in sta-tion most high,

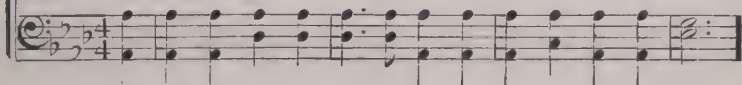
He daz-zles with splen - dor the sun in the sky.  
 The praises of God in the song of its birth.  
 God reign-eth for - ev - er. He reign-eth a - lone.  
 Yet feed-eth the spar - rows, and car-eth for me.  
 He daz-zles with splen-dor the sun in the sky.

# No. 31.      The Cleansing Power.

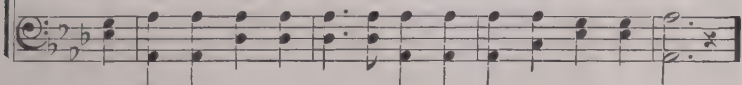
Words and Music by C. E. ROWLEY,  
with two added verses from familiar hymns.



1. We're trav'ling on thro' Beulah Land, Its rich-es to ex-plore;
2. Come, sin-ner, to the mer-cy-seat, No more in dark-ness roam;
3. "But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;
4. "Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il-lu-mi-nate my soul;



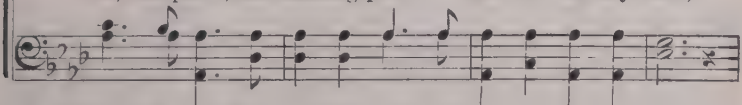
Come, join our hap-py pil-grim band. Re-joic-ing ev-er-more.  
O cast thy load at Je-sus' feet, Come home, just now, come home!  
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do."  
Scat-ter Thy life thro' ev'-ry part, And sanc-ti-fy the whole."



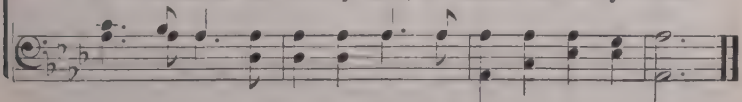
## CHORUS.



Oh, the pow'r, the cleansing pow'r! I feel it in my soul;



Je-sus saves me ev'-ry hour, He makes me full-y whole.

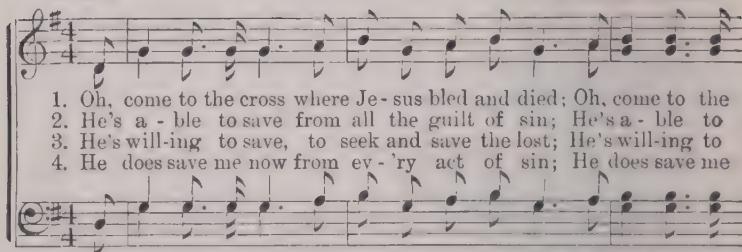


# No. 32.

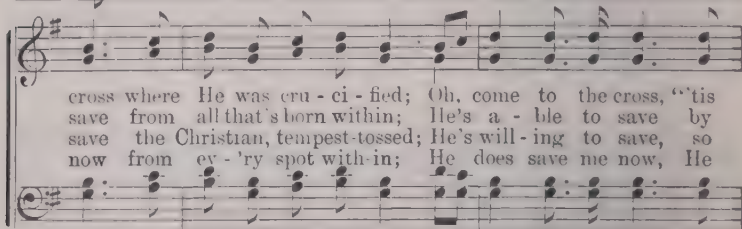
R. K. C.

# Cleansing Balm.

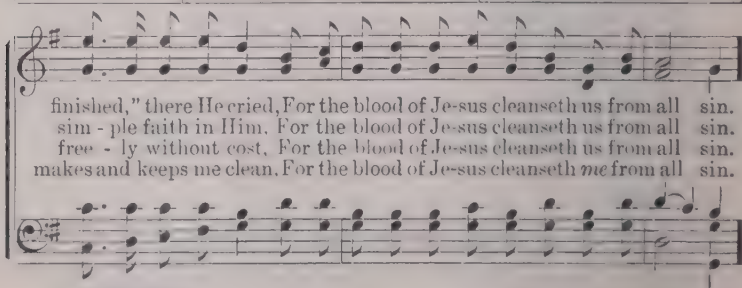
R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Oh, come to the cross where Je-sus bled and died; Oh, come to the  
 2. He's a - ble to save from all the guilt of sin; He's a - ble to  
 3. He's will-ing to save, to seek and save the lost; He's will-ing to  
 4. He does save me now from ev - 'ry act of sin; He does save me

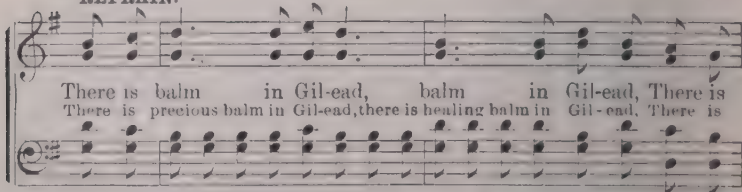


cross where He was cru - ci - fied; Oh, come to the cross, 'tis  
 save from all that's born within; He's a - ble to save by  
 save the Christian, tempest-tossed; He's will-ing to save, so  
 now from ev - 'ry spot with-in; He does save me now, He

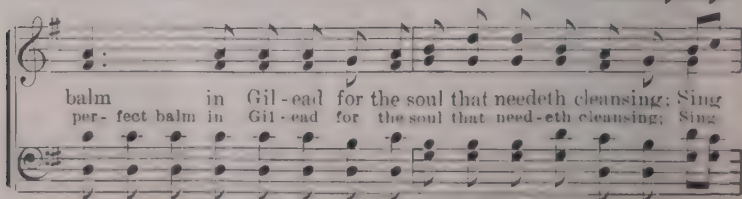


finished," there He cried, For the blood of Je-sus cleanseth us from all sin.  
 sim - ple faith in Him. For the blood of Je-sus cleanseth us from all sin.  
 free - ly without cost, For the blood of Je-sus cleanseth us from all sin.  
 makes and keeps me clean. For the blood of Je-sus cleanseth me from all sin.

## REFRAIN.



There is balm in Gil-ead, balm in Gil-ead, There is  
 There is precious balm in Gil-ead, there is healing balm in Gil-ead, There is



balm in Gil-ead for the soul that needeth cleansing; Sing  
 per- fect balm in Gil-ead for the soul that need-eth cleansing; Sing

# Cleansing Balm.—*Concluded.*

praise to Je - sus, praise to Je - sus, Sing  
praise, sing praise to Je - sus, Oh, sing praise, sing praise to Je - sus, Sing

praise to Je - sus, Oh, glo - ry to His name!  
praise, sing praise to Je - sus,

## No. 33. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune: MARTYN. 7s.

Fine.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly. }  
{ While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high. }  
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

D.C.  
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found—  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee:  
Spring Thou up within my heart;  
Rise to all eternity.

# No. 34. IN SWEET BY-AND-BY.

(Specially adapted as a children's song.)

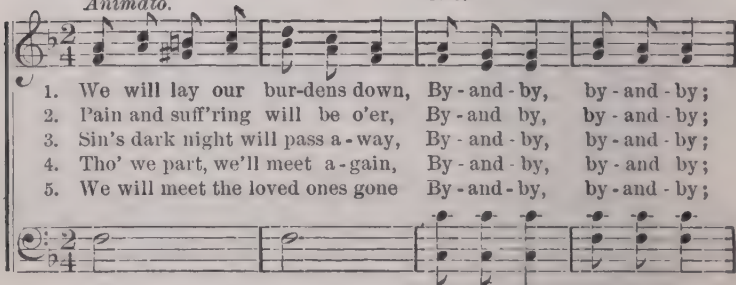
Words and Music

By I. N. McHose, by per.

DUETT.

*Animato.*

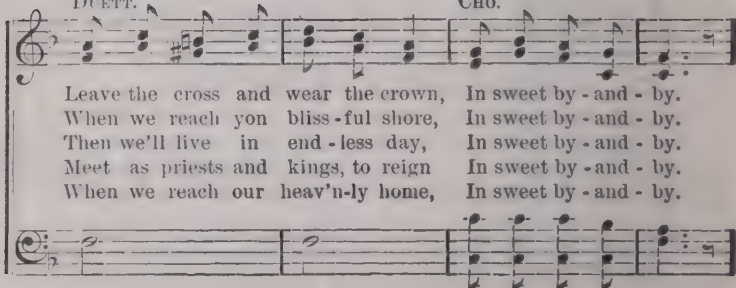
CHO.



1. We will lay our bur-dens down, By-and-by, by-and-by;  
 2. Pain and suff'ring will be o'er, By-and-by, by-and-by;  
 3. Sin's dark night will pass a-way, By-and-by, by-and-by;  
 4. Tho' we part, we'll meet a-gain, By-and-by, by-and-by;  
 5. We will meet the loved ones gone By-and-by, by-and-by;

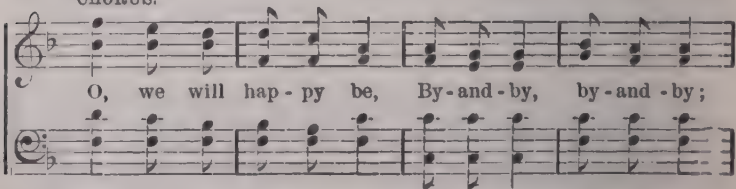
DUETT.

CHO.

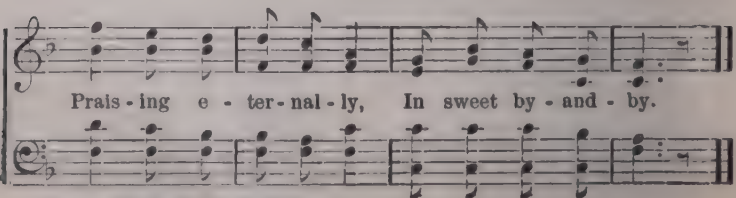


Leave the cross and wear the crown, In sweet by-and-by.  
 When we reach yon bliss-ful shore, In sweet by-and-by.  
 Then we'll live in end-less day, In sweet by-and-by.  
 Meet as priests and kings, to reign In sweet by-and-by.  
 When we reach our heav'n-ly home, In sweet by-and-by.

CHORUS.



O, we will hap-py be, By-and-by, by-and-by;



Prais-ing e-ter-nal-ly, In sweet by-and-by.

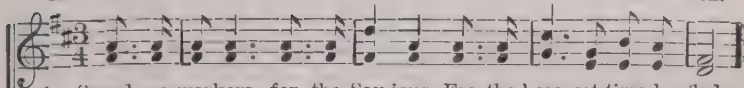
# No. 35.

# SPEED, YE WORKERS!

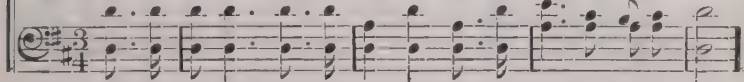
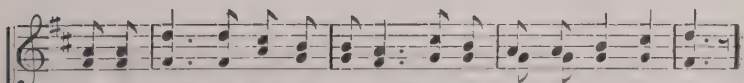
"He saith unto him, 'Feed my lambs.'" "Jesus saith unto him, 'Feed my sheep.'"—John 21: 15, 16.

ROSA CAREY.

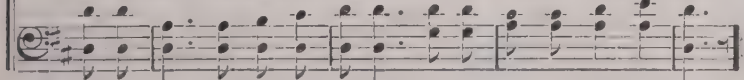
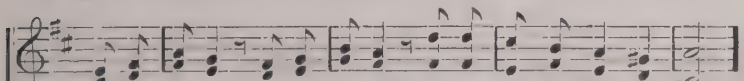
ELLEN BLACK.




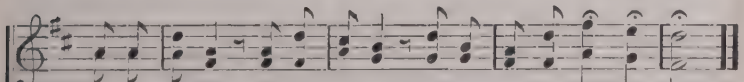
1. Speed, ye workers, for the Sav-iour, Ere the harv-est time be fled:
2. On our mountains, crowned with glory, In our valleys, rich and wide,
3. Lambs neg-lect-ed in the cit-y, Lambs un-tend'ed on the wild;
4. Hum-ble foll'wers of the Mas-ter, Her-alds of the Day-Star's light,

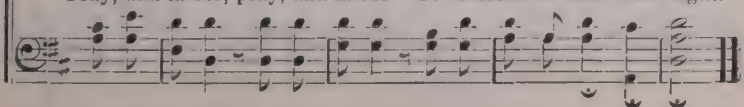
In our land of Gos-pel fa-vor Souls are starving, give them bread;  
Mill-ions wait to hear the sto-ry Of the low-ly One who died;  
Lit-tle souls by err-or shrouded, Lit-tle hearts by sin be-guiled;  
Low-ly toil-er, teach-er, pas-tor, Let us join in heart and might,—

They are thirs-ty, they are thirs-ty, Lead them to the Fountain-Head.  
Wretched millions, wretched millions, Wand'ring from the heav'nly Guide.  
Tell them Je-sus, tell them Je-sus Welcomes each re-turn-ing child.  
Pray, and la-bor, pray, and la-bor To re-deem our land from night.

They are thirs-ty, they are thirs-ty, Lead them to the Fountain-Head.  
Wretched millions, wretched millions, Wand'ring from the heav'nly Guide.  
Tell them Je-sus, tell them Je-sus Welcomes each re-turn-ing child.  
Pray, and la-bor, pray, and la-bor To re-deem our land from night.

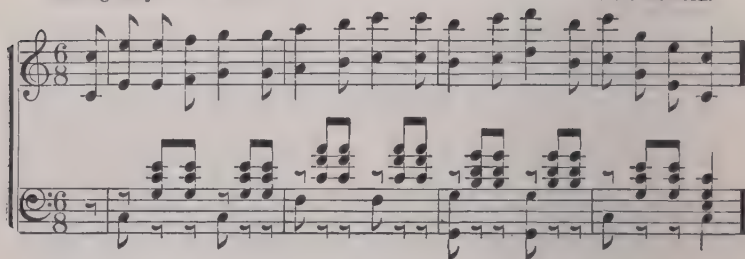


# No. 36. Papa, be True to Me.

Hon. HENRY J. COGGESHALL.

Arranged by I. N. McHose.

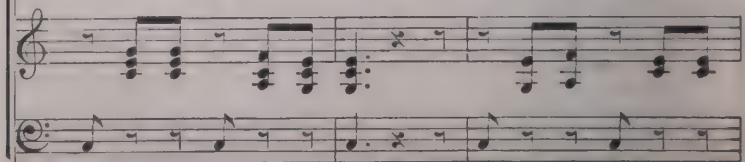
I. N. McHose.



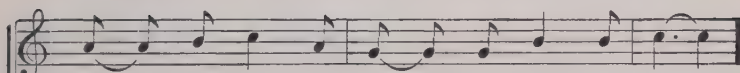
1. What makes me re - fuse a so - cial glass? I'll
2. Then what can I do— to my lass be true— Than
3. I'll of - fer a toast to one I love most, Whose



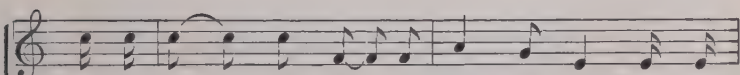
tell you the rea - son why: Be-cause a dear bon - nie  
bet-ter to let it pass by? I know you will think my re-  
dear lit - tle will I o - bey; Whose in - flu - ence sweet is



## Papa, be True to Me.—*Continued.*



blue - eyed lass Is ev - - er stand - ing by;  
fu - sal to drink, A break of your cour - te - sy;  
guiding my feet O - ver life's toil - some way.

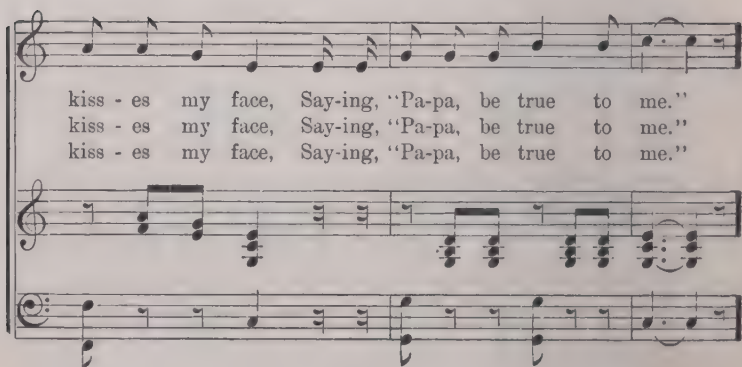


And I hear her, boys, a - bove the noise Of the  
For I hear her re - peat in ac - cents sweet, And her  
May the sun ev - er shine on this lass of mine And from



jest and the mer - ry glee, As with ba - by grace she  
dear lit - tle form I see, As with love's em - brace she  
sor - row may she be free; For with ba - by grace she

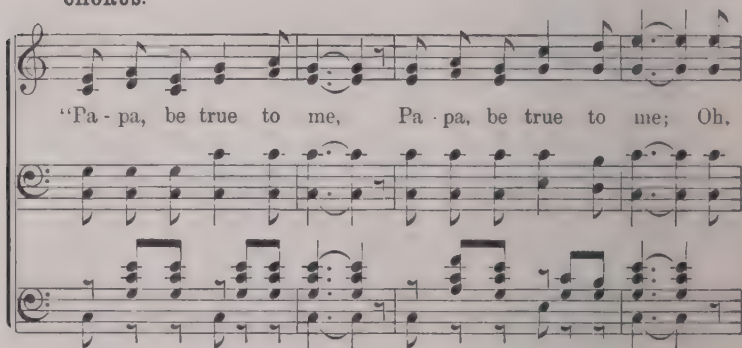
## Papa, be True to Me.—*Concluded.*



kiss - es my face, Say-ing, "Pa-pa, be true to me."  
kiss - es my face, Say-ing, "Pa-pa, be true to me."  
kiss - es my face, Say-ing, "Pa-pa, be true to me."

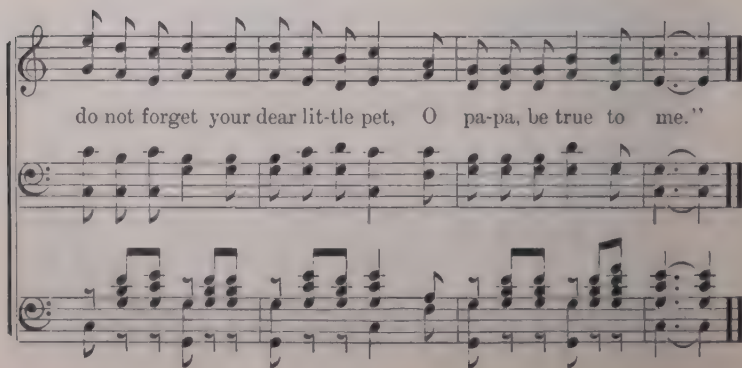
The first system of the song features a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, ending with a half note and a quarter rest.

### CHORUS.



"Pa - pa, be true to me, Pa - pa, be true to me; Oh,

The second system, labeled 'CHORUS', begins with a treble clef staff. The lyrics are written below the staff. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes, ending with a half note and a quarter rest. The bass line is not visible in this system.



do not forget your dear lit-tle pet, O pa-pa, be true to me."

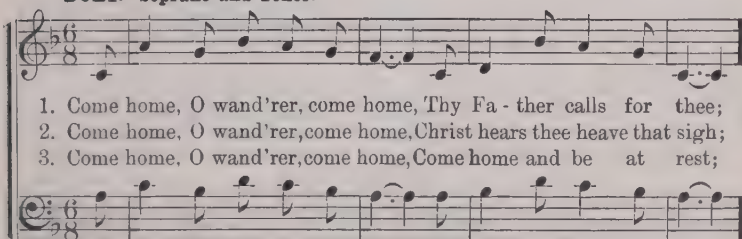
The third system continues the chorus with a treble clef staff. The lyrics are written below the staff. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes, ending with a half note and a quarter rest. The bass line is not visible in this system.

# No. 37. Wand'rer, Come Home.

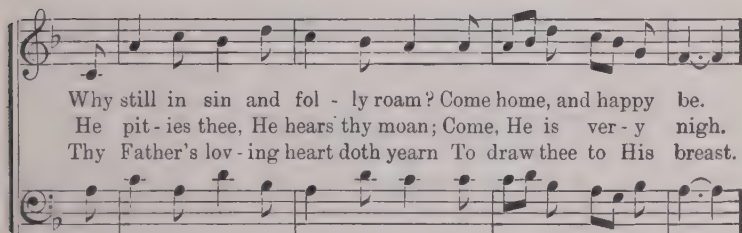
I. N. McH.

I. N. McHose.

**DUET. Soprano and Tenor.**

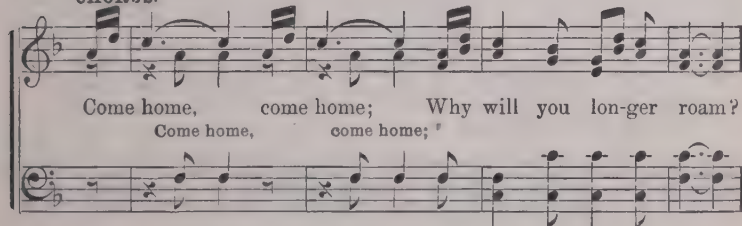


1. Come home, O wand'rer, come home, Thy Fa - ther calls for thee;  
 2. Come home, O wand'rer, come home, Christ hears thee heave that sigh;  
 3. Come home, O wand'rer, come home, Come home and be at rest;

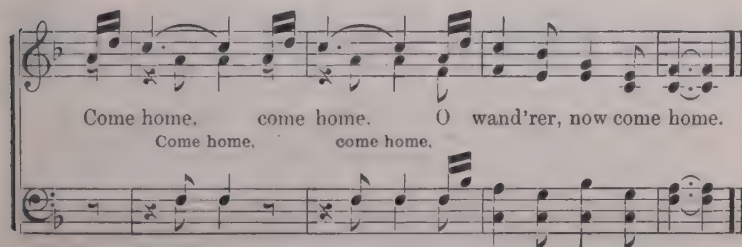


Why still in sin and fol - ly roam? Come home, and happy be.  
 He pit - ies thee, He hears thy moan; Come, He is ver - y nigh.  
 Thy Father's lov - ing heart doth yearn To draw thee to His breast.

**CHORUS.**



Come home, come home; Why will you lon - ger roam?  
 Come home, come home;



Come home, come home. O wand'rer, now come home.  
 Come home, come home.

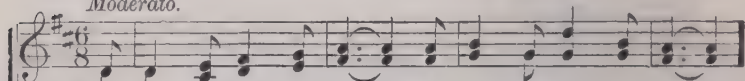
# No. 38.

# On the Narrow Way.


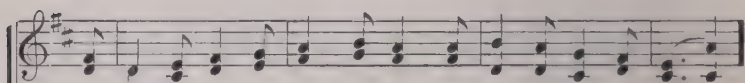
Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Music and Chorus by C. E. ROWLEY.

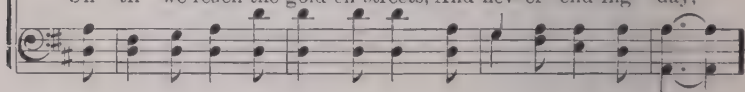

*Moderato.*




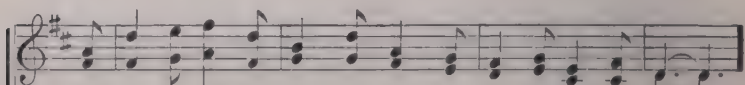
1. We're on our way to heav'n, That bless-ed land a - bove.  
 2. No sor - row ev - er comes, To that de-light - ful land;  
 3. From ev - 'ry tribe and tongue The ran-somed host shall come;  
 4. Then let us faith - ful be, And press the up - ward way,

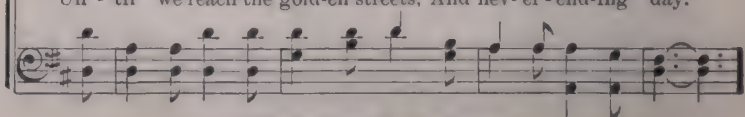
Where Je - sus sits up - on His throne, And ev - er reigns in love,  
 The saved u-nite to serve the Lord, A ho - ly, hap - py band.  
 They all delight to praise Him there, In that ce - les - tial home,  
 Un - til we reach the gold-en streets, And nev - er - end - ing day,

And ev - er reigns in love, And ev - er reigns in love,  
 A ho - ly, hap - py band, A ho - ly, hap - py band,  
 In that ce - les - tial home, In that ce - les - tial home,  
 And nev - er - end - ing day, And nev - er - end - ing day,

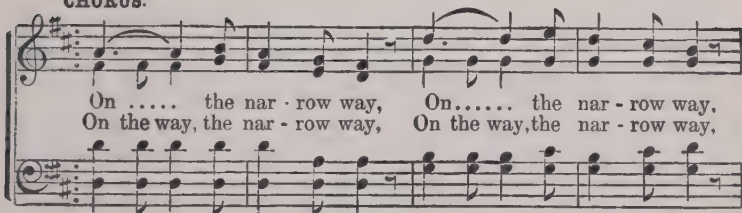



Where Je - sus sits up - on His throne, And ev - er reigns in love.  
 The saved u-nite to serve the Lord, A ho - ly hap - py band.  
 They all de-light to praise Him there, In that ce - les - tial home.  
 Un - til we reach the gold-en streets, And nev - er - end - ing day.

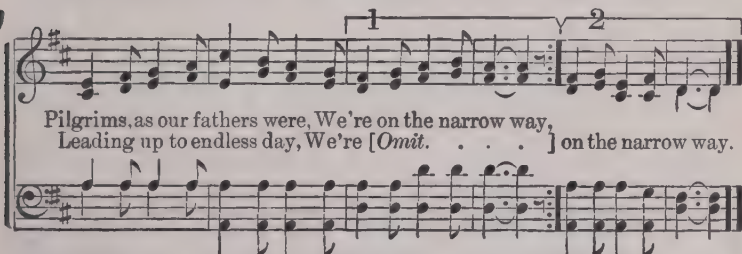


# On the Narrow Way.—*Concluded.*

## CHORUS.



On ..... the nar - row way,      On ..... the nar - row way,  
On the way, the nar - row way,      On the way, the nar - row way,

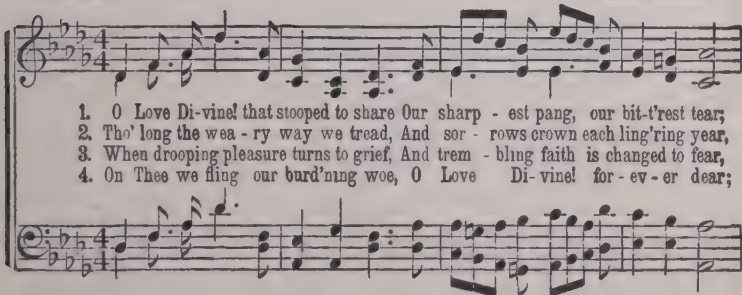


Pilgrims, as our fathers were, We're on the narrow way,  
Leading up to endless day, We're [Omit. . . .] on the narrow way.

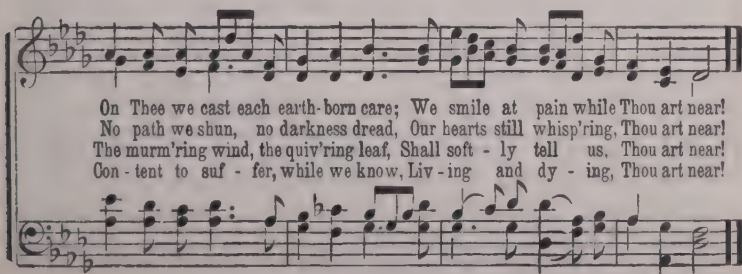
## No. 39.                      Hymn of Trust.

Unknown.

ELLEN BLACK.



1. O Love Di-vine! that stooped to share Our sharp - est pang, our bit-t'rest tear;
2. Tho' long the wea - ry way we tread, And sor - rows crown each ling'ring year,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trem - bling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe, O Love Di-vine! for - ev - er dear;

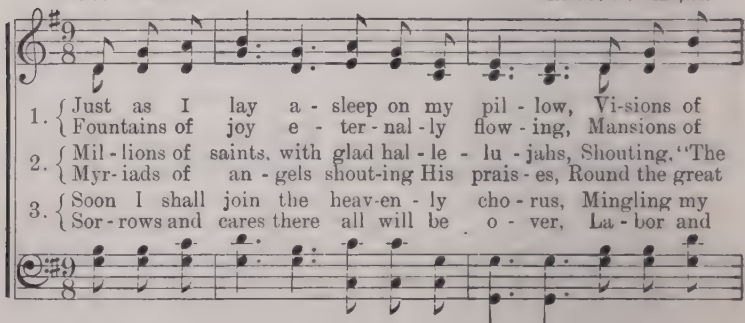


On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near!  
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near!  
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf, Shall soft - ly tell us, Thou art near!  
Con - tent to suf - fer, while we know, Liv - ing and dy - ing, Thou art near!

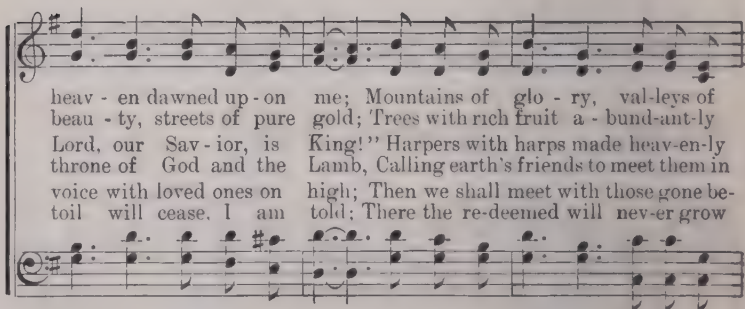
# No. 40. The Heavenly Chorus.

Rev. G. L. MILLER.

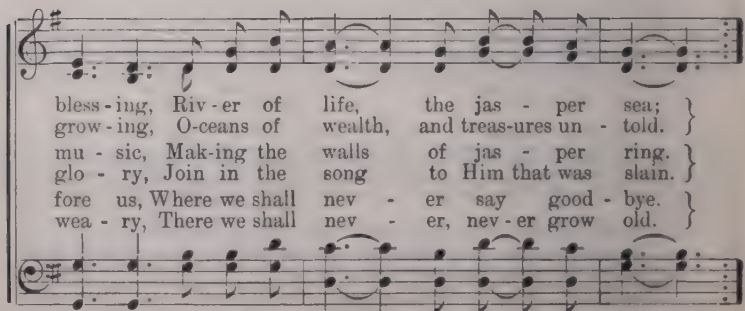
Rev. J. W. HILL, Sr.



1. { Just as I lay a - sleep on my pil - low, Vi-sions of  
Fountains of joy e - ter - nal - ly flow - ing, Mansions of  
2. { Mil - lions of saints, with glad hal - le - lu - jahs, Shouting, "The  
Myr - iads of an - gels shout-ing His prais - es, Round the great  
3. { Soon I shall join the heav - en - ly cho - rus, Mingling my  
Sor - rows and cares there all will be o - ver, La - bor and



heav - en dawned up - on me; Mountains of glo - ry, val - leys of  
beau - ty, streets of pure gold; Trees with rich fruit a - bund - ant - ly  
Lord, our Sav - ior, is King!" Harpers with harps made heav - en - ly  
throne of God and the Lamb, Calling earth's friends to meet them in  
voice with loved ones on high; Then we shall meet with those gone be -  
toil will cease, I am told; There the re - deem - ed will nev - er grow

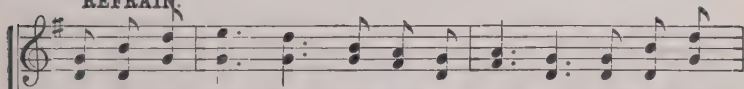


bless - ing, Riv - er of life, the jas - per sea; }  
grow - ing, O - ceans of wealth, and treas - ures un - told. }  
mu - sic, Mak - ing the walls of jas - per ring. }  
glo - ry, Join in the song to Him that was slain. }  
fore us, Where we shall nev - er say good - bye. }  
wea - ry, There we shall nev - er, nev - er grow old. }

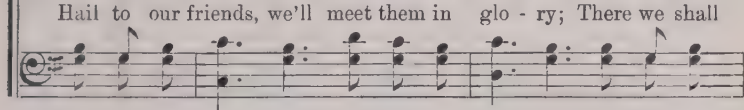
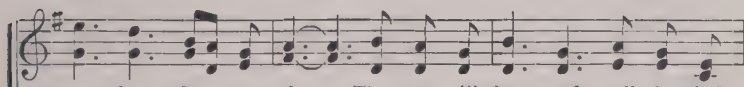
NOTE.—While alone in my bed during the visions of the night, I was entranced with the most ravishing and unearthly music that ever fell on mortal ears. A great mountain was thronged with an innumerable company of the heavenly host, and they were all singing the tune of the foregoing song. Waking from my vision I captured the tune, with the Chorus, never having heard it before.—J. W. H.

# The Heavenly Chorus.—*Concluded.*

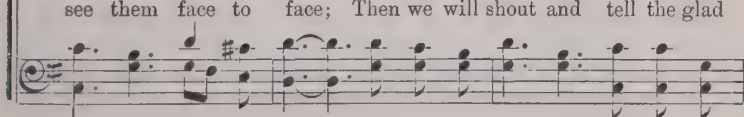
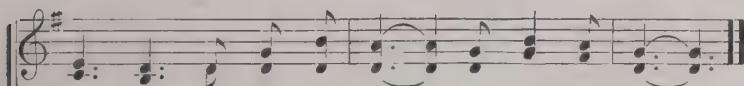
## REFRAIN.



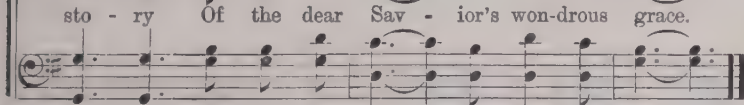
Hail to our friends, we'll meet them in glo - ry; There we shall

see them face to face; Then we will shout and tell the glad

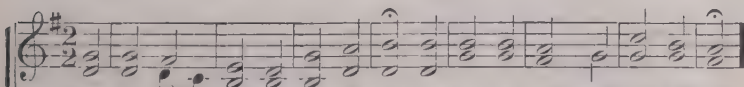



sto - ry Of the dear Sav - ior's won-drous grace.

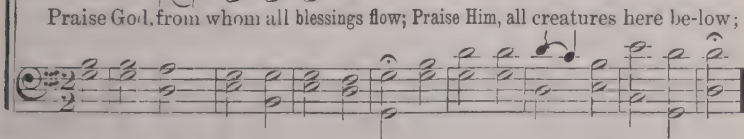
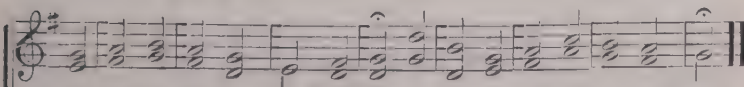


## No. 41.

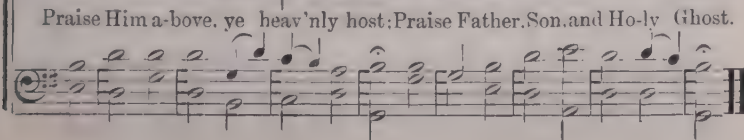
## Old Hundred.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

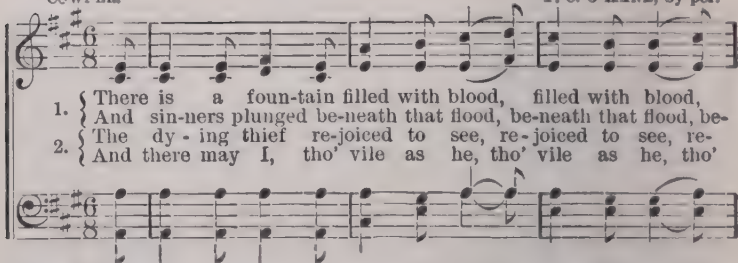



Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

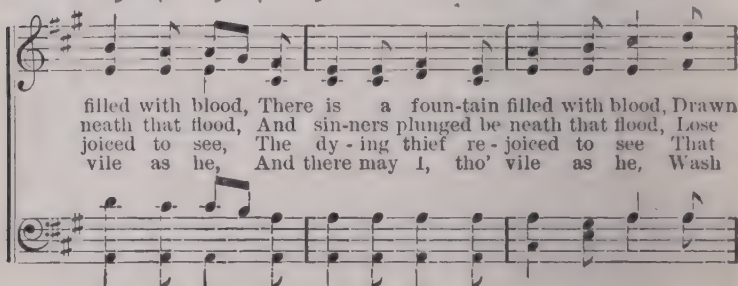


COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

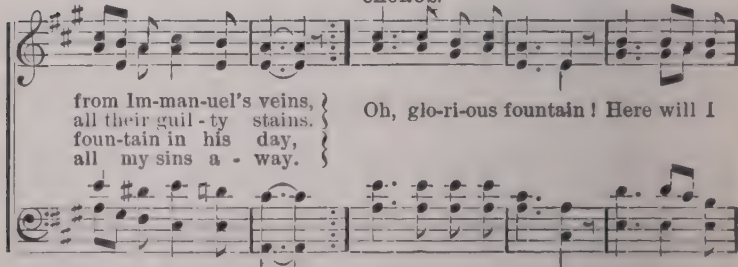


1. { There is a foun-tain filled with blood, filled with blood,  
And sin-ers plunged be-neath that flood, be-neath that flood, be-  
2. { The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho'

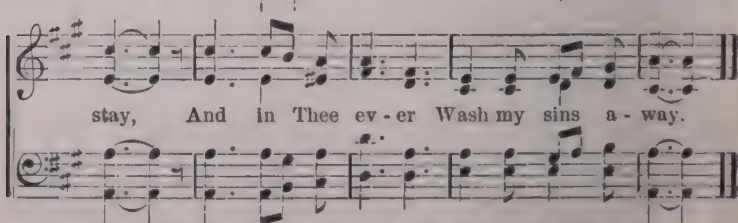


filled with blood, There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn  
neath that flood, And sin-ers plunged be neath that flood, Lose  
joiced to see, The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That  
vile as he, And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash

## CHORUS.



from Im-man-uel's veins, } Oh, glo-ri-ous fountain ! Here will I  
all their guil-ty stains. }  
foun-tain in his day,  
all my sins a - way. }



stay, And in Thee ev-er Wash my sins a - way.

- 3 Thou dying Lamb, : thy precious blood, : | 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream, : |  
Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed : Church of God, : | E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God Redeeming love I : has been my theme, : |  
Are saved, to sin no more. Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

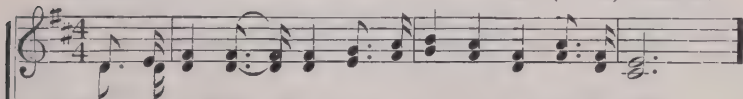
# No. 43.

# Watch and Pray.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

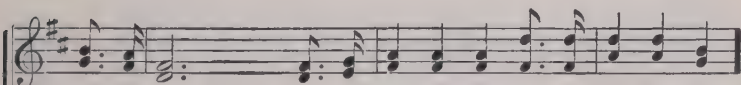
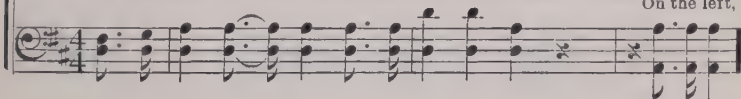
E. B. W.

ELLEN (BLACK) WHEELER.



1. There are pit-falls of sin all a-bout our path, On the left,
2. There are wrecks who have fallen be-side the way, On the left,
3. We've a might-y foe who is on our track, On the left,
4. If our life is all hid-den with Christ in God, On the left,

On the left,



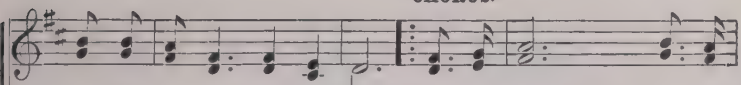
on the right;  
on the right;  
on the right;  
on the right;

on the right;

We must watch and pray, and be on our guard  
They have put their Lord to an o-pen shame,  
But we need not fear if we fol-low on,  
He will bear us safe thro' this world of sin,



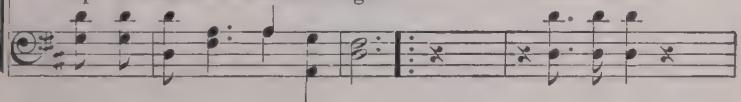
## CHORUS.



Ev-'ry mo-ment, day and night. Watch and pray  
Wounding Je-sus day and night.  
Trust-ing Je-sus day and night.  
Up to heav-en where's no night.

watch and

Watch and pray,



pray. Watch and pray, That ye en-ter not in. not in.  
watch and pray,



# No. 44. Him That Cometh Unto Me.

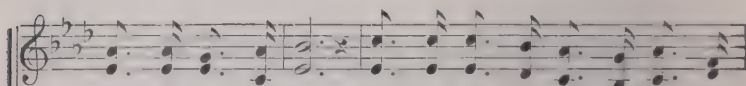
"Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him."—Rev. 1: 7.

E. E. HEWITT.

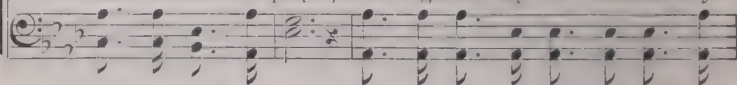
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Lis - ten to the bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion, Sweet - er than the
2. Wea - ry toil - er, sad and heav - y la - den, Joy - ful - ly the
3. Come, ye thirst - y, to the liv - ing wa - ters, Hun - gry, come and
4. "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sinful, Com - eth for His
5. Com - ing humbly, dai - ly to this Sav - ior, Breath - ing all the



notes of an - gel - song, Chim - ing soft - ly with a heav'n - ly  
 great sal - va - tion see, Close be - side thee stands the Bur - den  
 on His boun - ty feed, Not thy fit - ness is the plea to  
 heal - ing touch di - vine, For the cleans - ing of the blood so  
 heart to Him in pray'r; Com - ing some day to the heav'n - ly

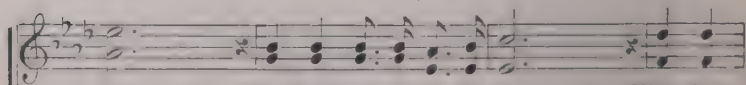
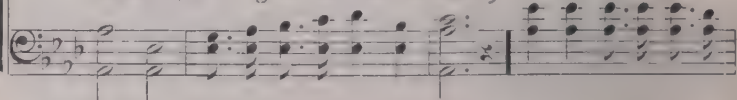


## CHORUS.



ca - dence, Call - ing to the pass - ing throng.  
 Bear - er, Strong to bear thy load and thee.  
 bring Him, But thy press - ing, utmost need.  
 pre - cious, Prove a - new this gra - cious line.  
 man - sions, He will give thee wel - come there.

Him that cometh un-to



me, Him that com-eth un-to me, Him that  
 un - to me, un - to me,



# Him That Cometh Unto Me.—Concluded.

com-eth un-to me,..... I will in no wise cast out. .  
un-to me,

## No. 45. Jesus, Lead the Way.

(As sung by C. E. Rowley and wife.)

Arranged by Mrs. C. E. R.

*Andante.*

1. Je-sus, lead the way, So we shall not stray; { From the path while  
2. Should our fare be hard, Be 'Thou our re-ward; { But shall fol-low  
3. Should the tempter's dart Vex and wound our heart, { Should our days be  
4. Lord, Thy guidance lend, Thro' life to the end; { And our bur-dens  
Grant us pa-tience,  
Should the way be  
Still will we to

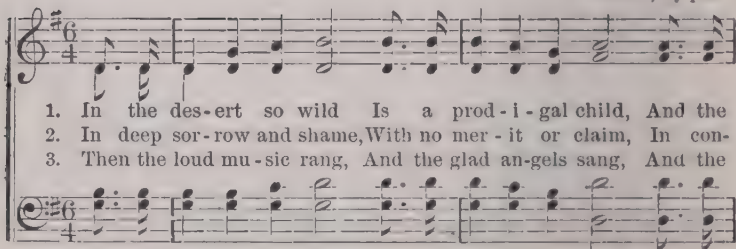
here a-bid-ing, } Lead us by the hand, To that hap-py land.  
Thy safe guiding; }  
ver-y drear-y, } Lead us by the hand, To that hap-py land.  
ver-y weak-ness; }  
grant us meekness; } Lead us by the hand, To that hap-py land.  
smooth or try-ing. }  
Thee be cry-ing; } Lead us by the hand, To that hap-py land.

## No. 46.

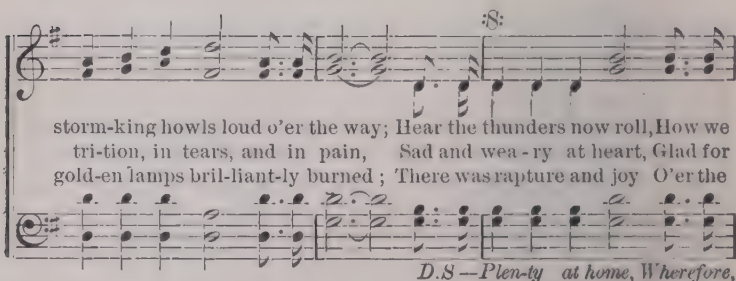
## THE PRODIGAL.

L. W.

L. WHITE, by per.

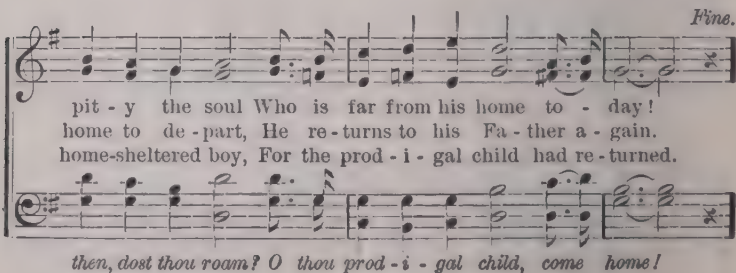


1. In the des-ert so wild Is a prod-i-gal child, And the  
 2. In deep sor-row and shame, With no mer-it or claim, In con-  
 3. Then the loud mu-sic rang, And the glad an-gels sang, And the



storm-king howls loud o'er the way; Hear the thunders now roll, How we  
 tri-tion, in tears, and in pain, Sad and wea-ry at heart, Glad for  
 gold-en lamps bril-liant-ly burned; There was rapture and joy O'er the

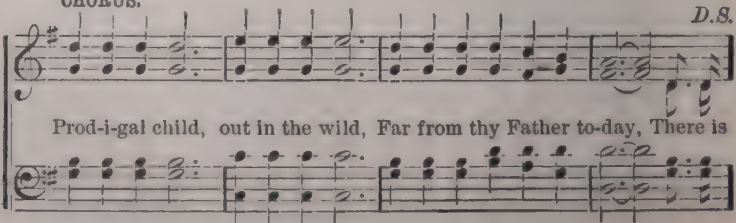
*D.S—Plen-ty at home, Wherefore,*



*Fine.*  
 pit-y the soul Who is far from his home to-day!  
 home to de-part, He re-returns to his Fa-ther a-gain.  
 home-sheltered boy, For the prod-i-gal child had re-turned.

*then, dost thou roam? O thou prod-i-gal child, come home!*

## CHORUS.

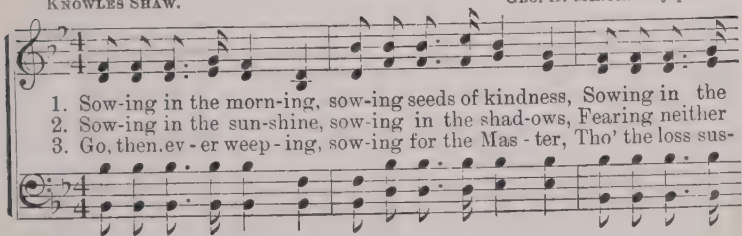
*D.S.*


Prod-i-gal child, out in the wild, Far from thy Father to-day, There is

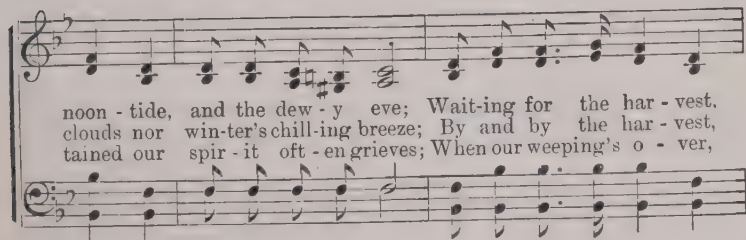
# No. 47. Bringing In the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW.

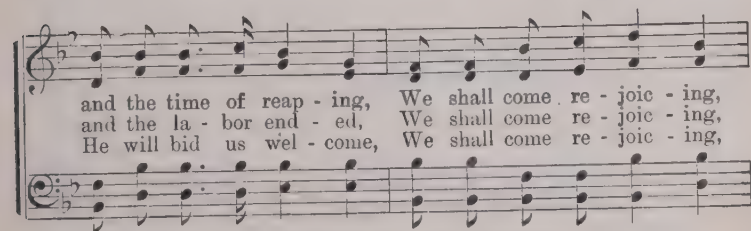
GEO. A. MINOR. By per.



1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the  
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther  
3. Go, then, ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-

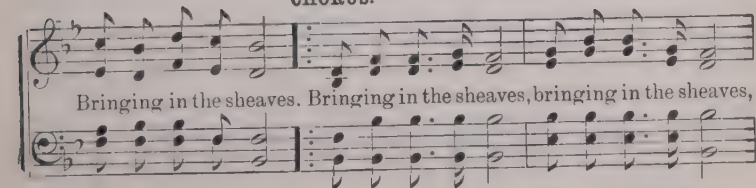


noon-tide, and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,  
clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,  
tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver,

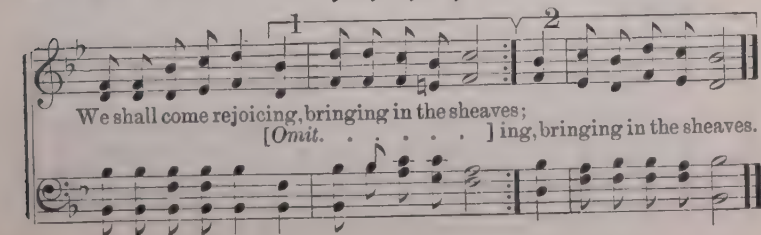


and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing,  
and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing,  
He will bid us wel-come, We shall come re-joic-ing,

## CHORUS.



Bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,



We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves;  
[Omit. . . .] ing, bringing in the sheaves.

## No. 48.

## No Other Way.

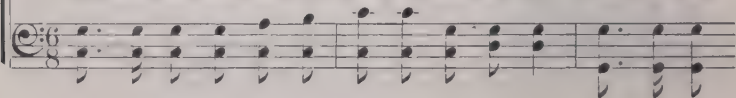
Acts 4: 12.

Mrs. C. H. M.

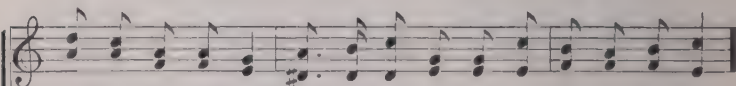
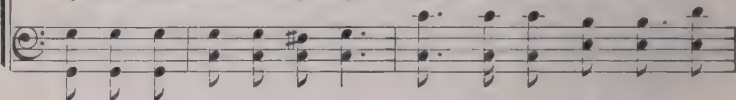
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



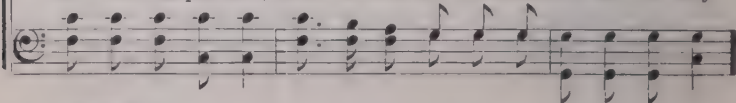
1. Je - sus is call-ing in ac-cents so ten-der. "Come, wea - ry
2. Je - sus is yearning to - day o'er the err-ing; Touched with com -
3. Blind-ed by sin, grop-ing on in the dark-ness, No ray of
4. Spurning the cross and re - ject-ing His mer - cy, What is thy



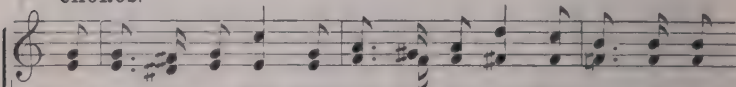
sin-ner, oh, come un - to me!" No oth - er way of sal -  
 pas-sion His great heart of love; Striv - ing to win from the  
 hope to en - light-en the gloom; Why will you spend all your  
 hope? where, oh, where is thy stay? Come to the arms of His



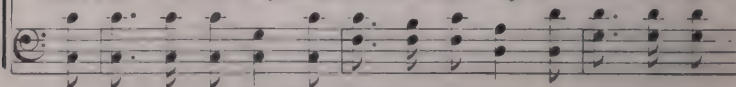
va - tion is of-fered; Par - don was pur-chased so free - ly for thee.  
 world your af - fec-tions, Plac - ing your heart and your treas-ure a - bove.  
 life in the shad-ow. When in the light of God's love there is room?  
 ten - der com-pas-sion, Come as thou art, for there's no oth - er way.



## CHORUS.



There's no oth - er way, there's no oth - er way, Then come to the



## No Other Way.—Concluded.

Sav - ior and make no de - lay; There's no oth - er way, there's  
no oth - er way But yield - ing, and trusting His love.....  
yes, trusting His love.

## No. 49. The Sinner's Invitation.

Fine.

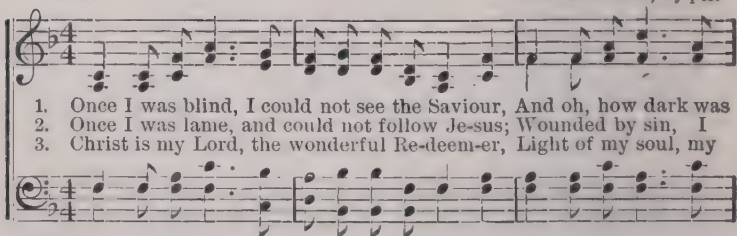
1. { Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high - lands of heav - en? }  
Where the storms nev - er blow. And the long sum - mer's giv - en; }  
D.C.—And the leaves of the bow'rs In the bree - zes are flit - ting.

D. C.  
Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ting;

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Where the saints, robed in white,<br/>Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,<br/>Shining, beauteous and bright,<br/>They inhabit the mountain;<br/>Where no sin nor dismay,<br/>Neither trouble nor sorrow,<br/>Will be felt for a day,<br/>Nor be feared for the morrow.</p> | <p>3 He's prepared thee a home,—<br/>Sinner, canst thou believe it?<br/>And invites thee to come,—<br/>Sinner, wilt thou receive it?<br/>Oh, come, sinner, come,<br/>For the tide is receding;<br/>And the Savior will soon<br/>And forever cease pleading.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

L. W.

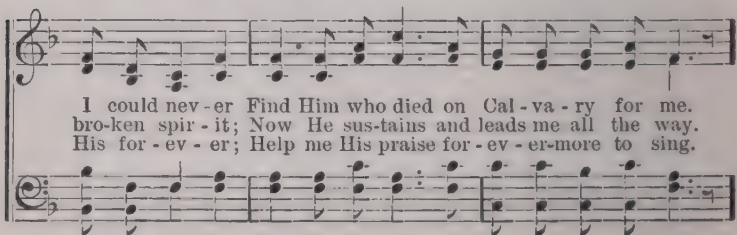
REV. L. WHITE, by per.



1. Once I was blind, I could not see the Saviour, And oh, how dark was  
 2. Once I was lame, and could not follow Je-sus; Wounded by sin, I  
 3. Christ is my Lord, the wonderful Re-deem-er, Light of my soul, my

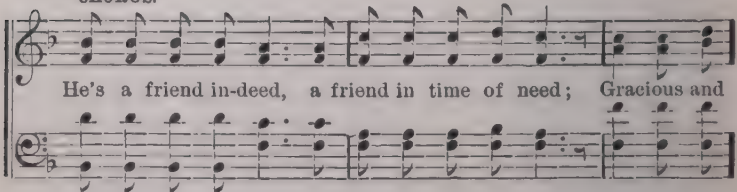


all the world to me! Lone-ly and sad, I thought that  
 faint-ed by the way; Christ, the Phy-si-cian, healed my  
 Pro-phet, Priest and King; He is my all, and I am

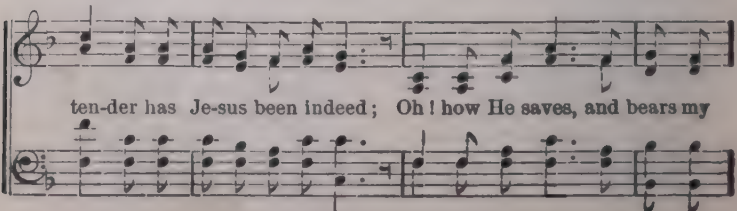


I could nev-er Find Him who died on Cal-va-ry for me.  
 bro-ken spir-it; Now He sus-tains and leads me all the way.  
 His for-ev-er; Help me His praise for-ev-er-more to sing.

## CHORUS.

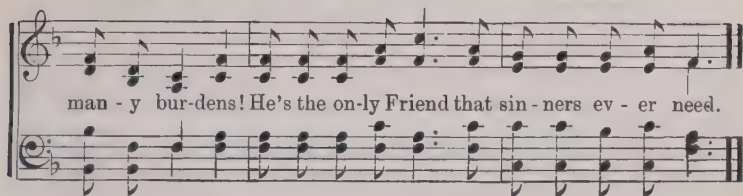


He's a friend in-deed, a friend in time of need; Gracious and



ten-der has Je-sus been indeed; Oh! how He saves, and bears my

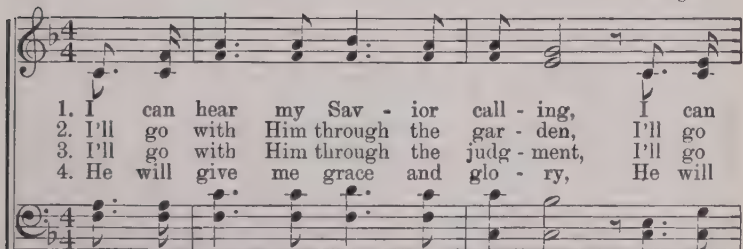
# He is a Friend Indeed.—*Concluded.*



man - y bur - dens! He's the on - ly Friend that sin - ners ev - er need.

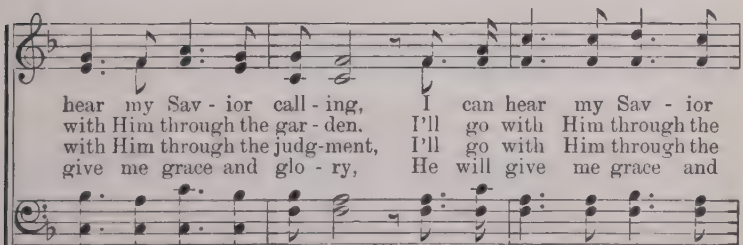
## No. 51. The Way of the Cross.

Arranged.



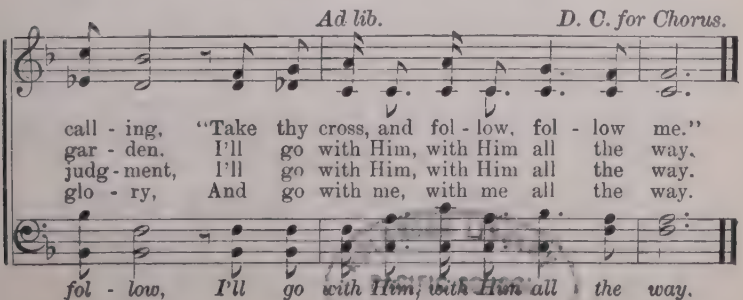
1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can  
 2. I'll go with Him through the gar - den, I'll go  
 3. I'll go with Him through the judg - ment, I'll go  
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He



hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior  
 with Him through the gar - den, I'll go with Him through the  
 with Him through the judg - ment, I'll go with Him through the  
 give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and

leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will



*Ad lib.* *D. C. for Chorus.*  
 call - ing, "Take thy cross, and fol - low, fol - low me."  
 gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.  
 fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

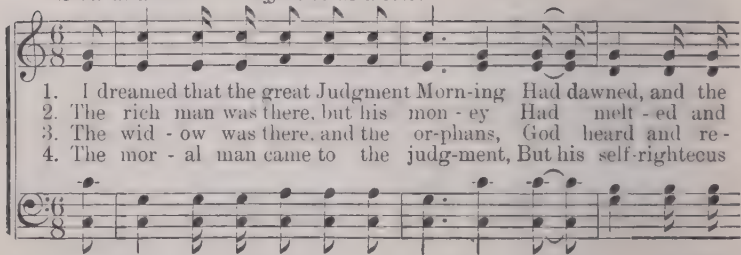
OF RELIGION

# No. 52. The Great Judgment Morning.

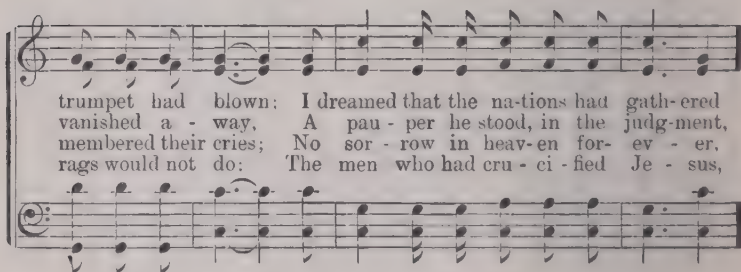
"War Cry."

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

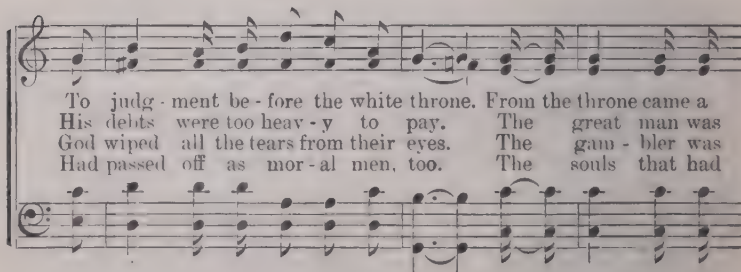
*Slow and solemn. Effective as a solo.*



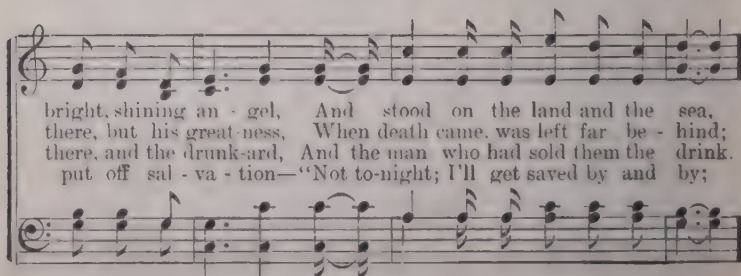
1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morn-ing Had dawned, and the  
2. The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt - ed and  
3. The wid - ow was there, and the or-phans, God heard and re-  
4. The mor - al man came to the judg-ment, But his self-rightecus



trumpet had blown: I dreamed that the na-tions had gath-ered  
vanished a - way, A pau - per he stood, in the judg-ment,  
membered their cries; No sor - row in heav-en for - ev - er,  
rags would not do: The men who had cru - ci - fied Je - sus,

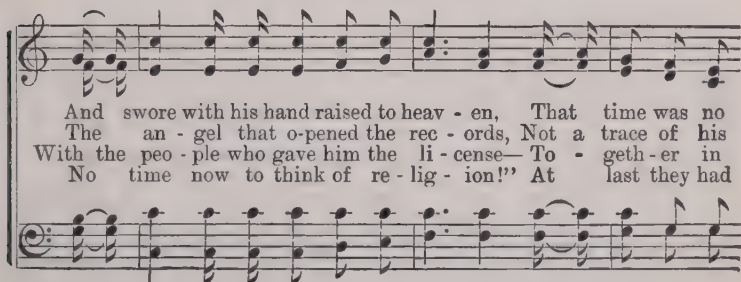


To judg-ment be - fore the white throne. From the throne came a  
His debts were too heav - y to pay. The great man was  
God wiped all the tears from their eyes. The gam - bler was  
Had passed off as mor-al men, too. The souls that had



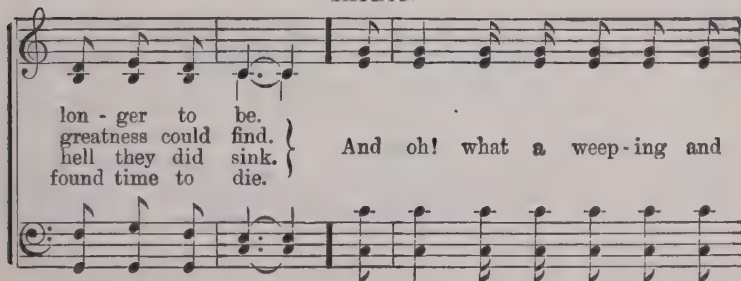
bright, shining an - gel, And stood on the land and the sea,  
there, but his great-ness, When death came, was left far be - hind;  
there, and the drunk-ard, And the man who had sold them the drink.  
put off sal - va - tion—"Not to-night; I'll get saved by and by;

# The Great Judgment Morning.—*Concluded.*

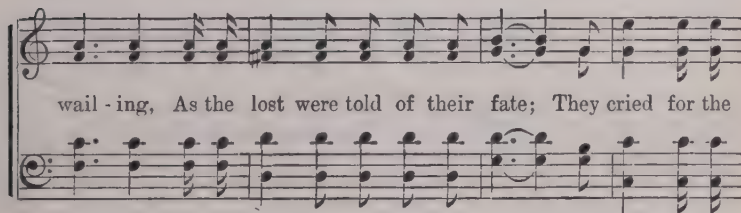


And swore with his hand raised to heav - en, That time was no  
The an - gel that o - pened the rec - ords, Not a trace of his  
With the peo - ple who gave him the li - cense—To - geth - er in  
No time now to think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had

## CHORUS.

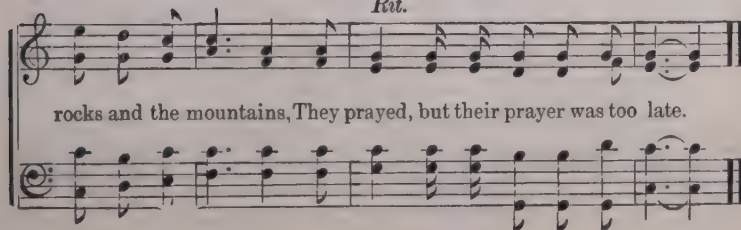


lon - ger to be.  
greatness could find. } And oh! what a weep - ing and  
hell they did sink. }  
found time to die.



wail - ing, As the lost were told of their fate; They cried for the

## *Rit.*



rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

# No. 53. Lord, Gently Lead Me.

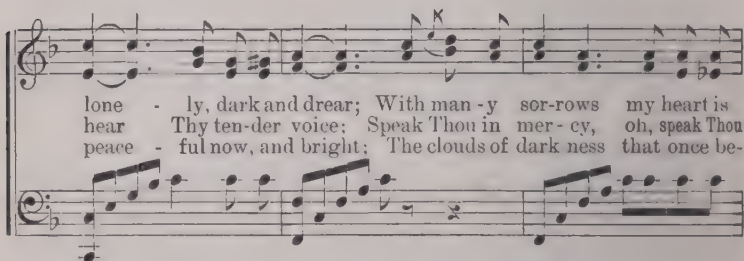
(DUET FOR SOP. AND ALTO.)

1st verse by Mrs. GRACE McHose DECKER.  
2d & 3d verses by Rev. WALLACE R. STRUBLE.

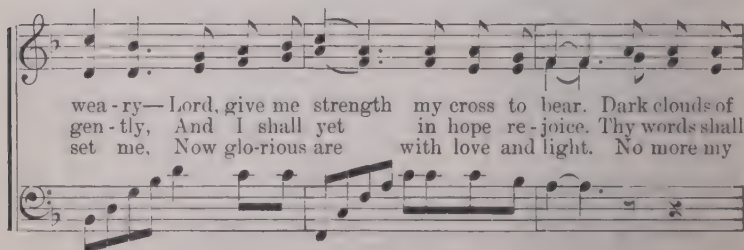
Mrs. GRACE McHose DECKER.



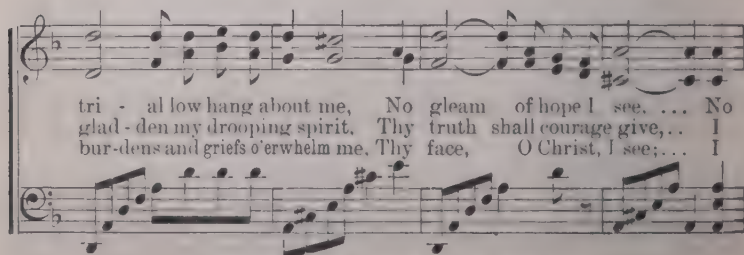
1. Oh, lead me, Lord, oh, gently lead me, The way is  
2. O lov-ing Christ, O lov-ing Sav-ior, I long to  
3. I feel Thee near, my pre-cious Sav-ior, My path is



lonely, dark and drear; With man-y sor-rows my heart is  
hear Thy ten-der voice; Speak Thou in mer-cy, oh, speak Thou  
peace-ful now, and bright; The clouds of dark-ness that once be-



wea-ry—Lord, give me strength my cross to bear. Dark clouds of  
gen-tly, And I shall yet in hope re-joice. Thy words shall  
set me. Now glo-rious are with love and light. No more my



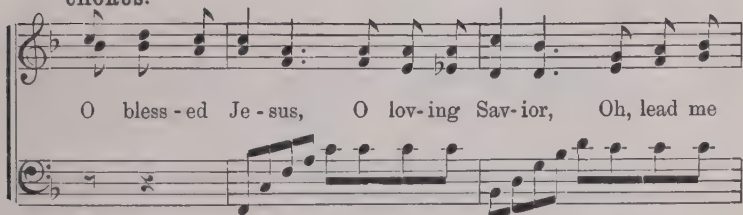
tri-al low hang about me, No gleam of hope I see. ... No  
glad-den my drooping spirit. Thy truth shall courage give, .. I  
bur-dens and griefs o'erwhelm me. Thy face, O Christ, I see; ... I

## Lord, Gently Lead Me.—*Concluded.*

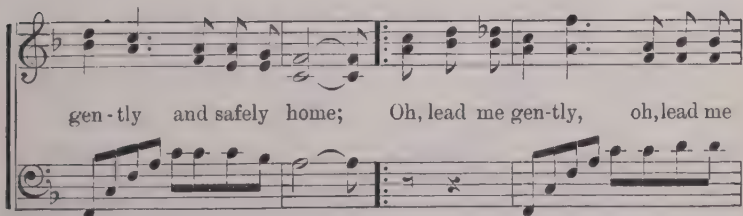


ray.... of light for me;... Lord, lead me gently on.  
 hear... Thy voice and live;... Lord, lead me gently on.  
 know.. Thou lov - est me;... Lord, lead me gently on.

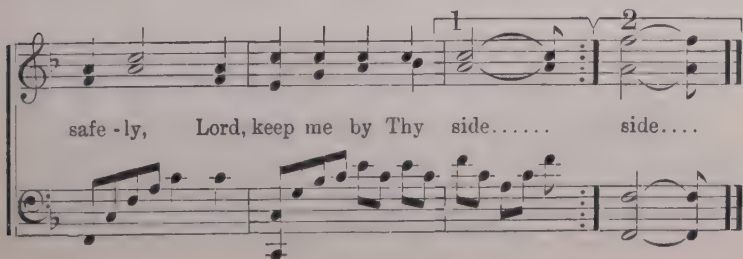
### CHORUS.



O bless - ed Je - sus, O lov - ing Sav - ior, Oh, lead me



gen - tly and safely home; Oh, lead me gen - tly, oh, lead me



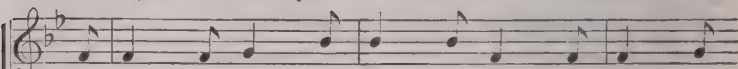
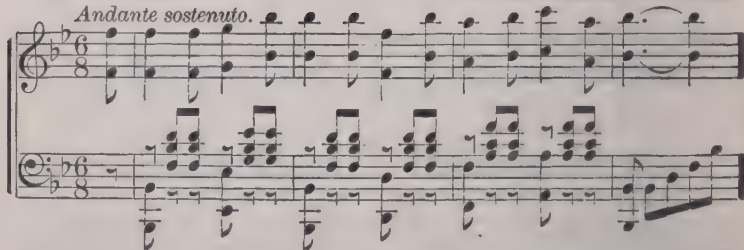
safe - ly, Lord, keep me by Thy side..... side....

## No. 54.

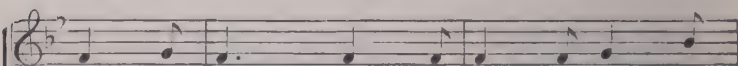
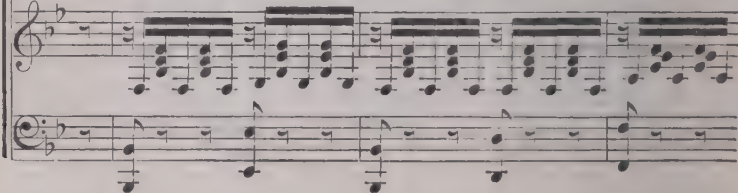
## No Home.

Rev. J. B. SITES.

Mrs. GRACE DECKER, nee McHose.

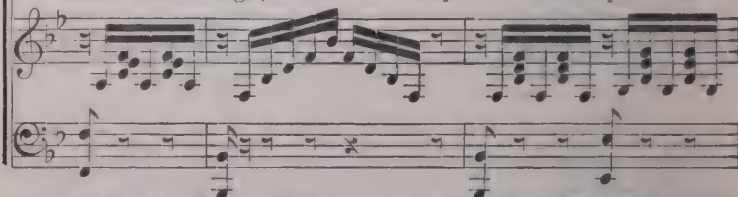
*Andante sostenuto.*

1. "My mam - ma said, 'We have no home,' And then be -
2. The Sav - ior had no home on earth, Nor where to
3. On snow - y wings the an - gels bore Them to their
4. There loved ones meet a - round the throne, In heav'n, our



gan to cry;.....  
 lay His head;.....  
 home a - bove;.....  
 home on high;.....

My pa - pa's dead, and  
 So He knew how to  
 With saints and Je - sus  
 Why not ac - cept a



NOTE.—This song is founded on the following incident: While little Ruth D— was sitting on her grandpa's knee, on her third birthday, she became very thoughtful for a few moments, when suddenly she looked up and said, "Grandpa, Grandpa, just think! Mamma said 'We have no home,' " and then she cried. Seeing the tears starting in her grandpa's eyes, she threw her little arms around his neck, and soothingly said, "Grandpa, please don't cry; Jesus will give us a home by and by with papa in the sky." Just one month and a week from that time, she and her sister, Martha, six years old, died. So Jesus sent His angels to take them home to Himself and their papa in the skies.

Respectfully dedicated to the memory of my dear little children.

G. D.

Copyright, 1899, by Grace Decker.

## No Home.—Continued.

we're a-lone, My sis-ter dear and I.".....  
 pit-y them, Since their dear pa-pa's dead.....  
 there to dwell In ev-er-last-ing love.....  
 Sav-ior's love, And meet them by and by?.....

This musical system consists of a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

### CHORUS.

No room for them, no place to go, So  
 sad and so a-lone;..... But Je-sus sent the

The chorus section continues with the same vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff, with ellipses indicating a continuation of the melody.

## No Home.—*Concluded.*

an - gels down To take them to their home.

## No. 55. Just As I Am.

"Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."—John 1: 29.

A. F. MYERS. By per.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, Let us kneel 'round the al - tar, But  
 2. Just as I am, and waiting not, Let us kneel 'round the al - tar, To  
 3. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Let us kneel 'round the al - tar, Be-

### CHORUS.

that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.  
 Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come. } Let us kneel 'round the  
 cause Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come. } Hal-le-lu - jah to

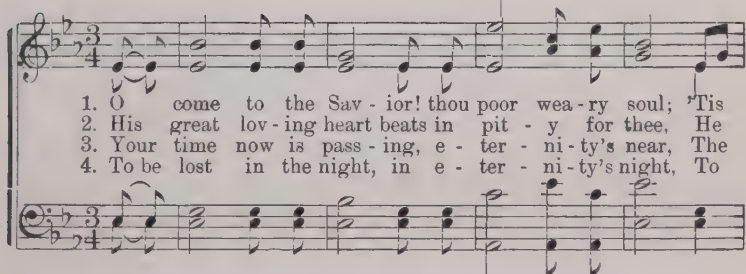
*Repeat for Chorus.*

altar, kneel 'round the altar, Let us kneel 'round the altar. Where God will answer prayer.  
 Jesus, glo-ry, and honor, Hallelujah to Jesus, He cleanses me from sin.

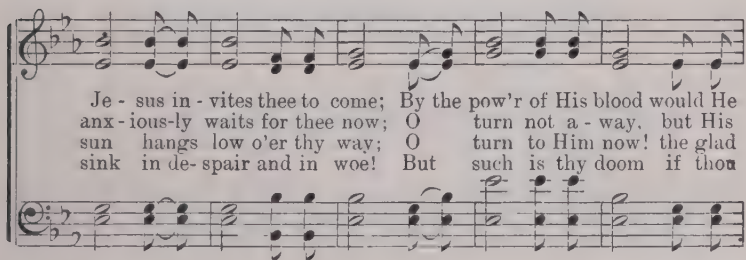
## No. 56. To be Lost in the Night.

A. F. FERRIS.

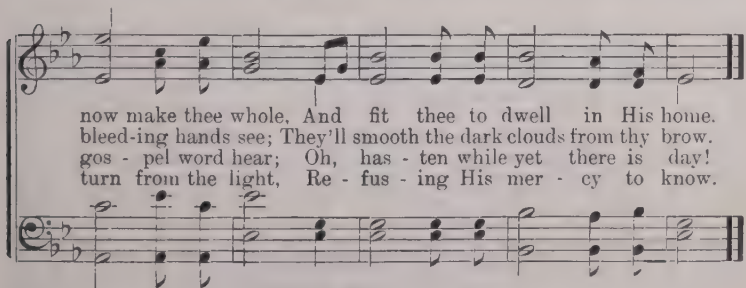
ELLA BUTE BISHOP. By per.



1. O come to the Sav - ior! thou poor wea - ry soul; 'Tis  
 2. His great lov - ing heart beats in pit - y for thee, He  
 3. Your time now is pass - ing, e - ter - ni - ty's near, The  
 4. To be lost in the night, in e - ter - ni - ty's night, To



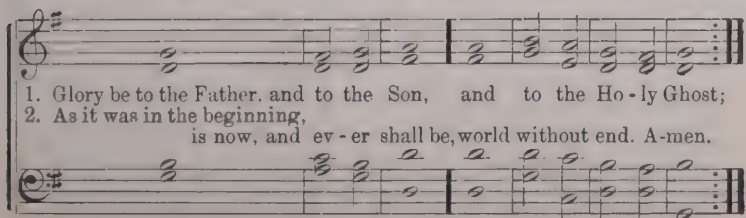
Je - sus in - vites thee to come; By the pow'r of His blood would He  
 anx - ious - ly waits for thee now; O turn not a - way, but His  
 sun hangs low o'er thy way; O turn to Him now! the glad  
 sink in de - spair and in woe! But such is thy doom if thou



now make thee whole, And fit thee to dwell in His home.  
 bleed - ing hands see; They'll smooth the dark clouds from thy brow.  
 gos - pel word hear; Oh, has - ten while yet there is day!  
 turn from the light, Re - fus - ing His mer - cy to know.

Copyright, 1891, by V. A. Dake.

## No. 57. Gloria Patri.



1. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;  
 2. As it was in the beginning,  
 is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A-men.

## No. 58.

## Never Alone.

English.

1. { I've seen the lightning flash-ing, And heard the thun-der roll;  
 I've heard the voice of Je - sus Telling me still to fight on;  
 2. { The world's fierce winds are blow-ing Temp - ta - tions sharp and keen;  
 He stands to shield me from dan - ger, When earth-ly friends are gone;

I've felt sin's break-ers dash-ing, Try-ing to conquer my soul;  
 He prom-ised nev-er to leave me, [Omit. . . . .]  
 I feel a peace in know-ing My Sav - ior stands be - tween;  
 He prom-ised nev-er to leave me, [Omit. . . . .]

2 CHORUS.  
 Nev-er to leave me a - lone. } No, nev-er a - lone, No, nev-er a -  
 Nev-er to leave me a - lone. }

lone; He promised nev-er to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

3 When in affliction's valley.  
 I'm treading the road of care,  
 My Savior helps me to carry  
 My cross when heavy to bear;  
 My feet entangled with briars,  
 Ready to cast me down.  
 My Savior whispers His promise,  
 "I never will leave thee alone."

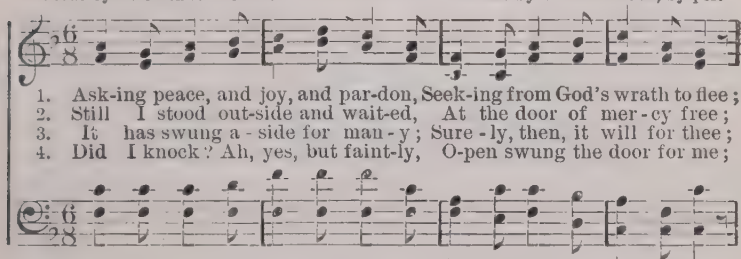
4 He died for me on the mountain,  
 For me they pierced His side;  
 For me He opened that fountain,  
 The crimson, cleansing tide;  
 For me He's waiting in glory,  
 Seated upon His throne;  
 He promised never to leave me,  
 Never to leave me alone.

# No. 63. Knock, and it Shall Opened Be.

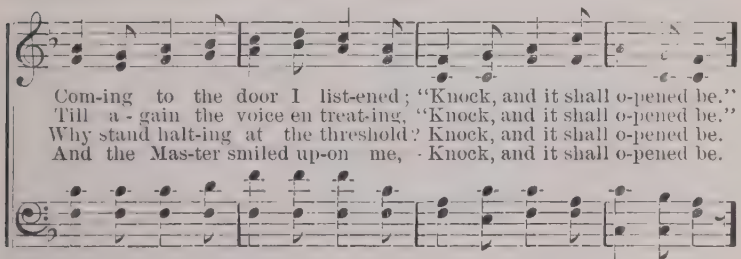
St. Luke 11 : 9.

Words by RACHEL E. MOORE.

Music by I. N. McHose, by per.

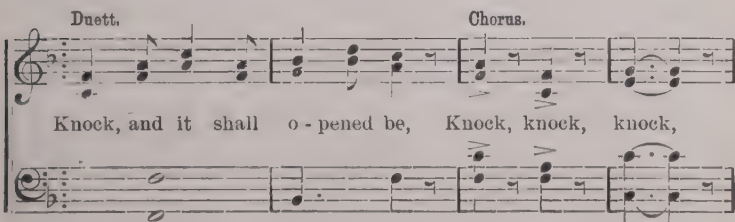


1. Ask-ing peace, and joy, and par-don, Seek-ing from God's wrath to flee ;  
 2. Still I stood out-side and wait-ed, At the door of mer-cy free ;  
 3. It has swung a - side for man - y ; Sure - ly, then, it will for thee ;  
 4. Did I knock ? Ah, yes, but faint-ly, O - pen swung the door for me ;



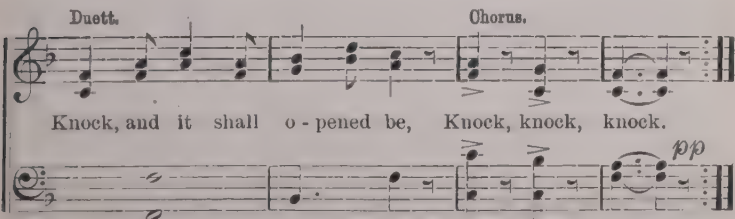
Com-ing to the door I list-ened ; "Knock, and it shall o-pened be."  
 Till a - gain the voice en treat-ing, "Knock, and it shall o-pened be."  
 Why stand halt-ing at the thresh-old ? Knock, and it shall o-pened be.  
 And the Mas-ter smiled up-on me, - Knock, and it shall o-pened be.

**Duett.** **Chorus.**



Knock, and it shall o - pened be, Knock, knock, knock,

**Duett.** **Chorus.**



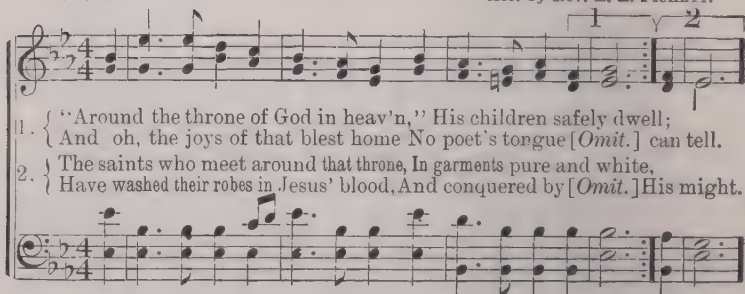
Knock, and it shall o - pened be, Knock, knock, knock.

- 5 Enter, child, I've waited for thee, | 6 Oh, the joy that thrilled my being !  
 Looked and hoped thy face to see ; Saved, and from my sins set free !  
 Longed to clasp my arms about thee, Safe from all that would destroy me,  
 "Knock, and it shall opened be." | Knock, and it shall opened be.

# No. 66. Singing Before the King.

L. L. P.

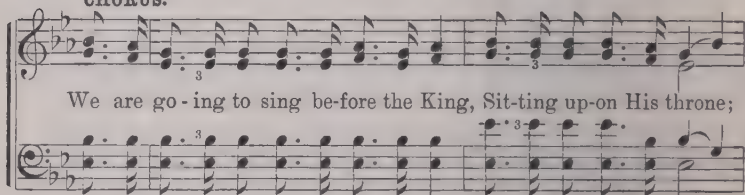
Arr. by Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



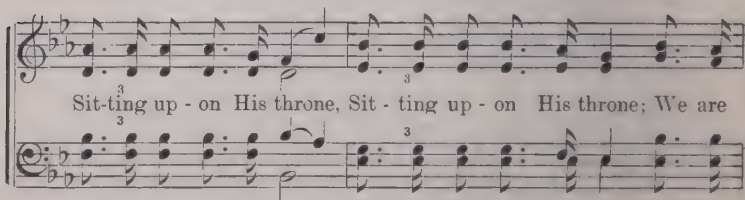
1. { "Around the throne of God in heav'n," His children safely dwell;  
And oh, the joys of that blest home No poet's tongue [Omit.] can tell.

2. { The saints who meet around that throne, In garments pure and white,  
Have washed their robes in Jesus' blood, And conquered by [Omit.] His might.

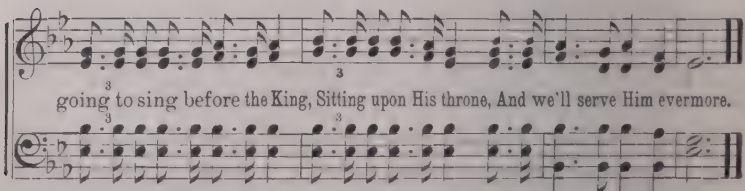
## CHORUS.



We are go-ing to sing be-fore the King, Sit-ting up-on His throne;



Sit-ting up - on His throne, Sit - ting up - on His throne; We are



going to sing before the King, Sitting upon His throne, And we'll serve Him evermore.

3 All those who worthy prove below  
Shall reign with Him above  
Who saves us from our sins and stains  
Through His redeeming love.

4 But none can walk yon golden streets,  
Or sing those heavenly songs,  
But those who trust alone in Him  
To right their sins and wrongs.

5 Oh, let us consecrate our all  
To God's beloved Son,  
We'll live by faith—whate'er befall,  
Until the crown is won.

6 The ransomed host now beckon us,  
To join that sweet-voiced choir;  
But we must first be born again,  
And feel the Spirit's fire.

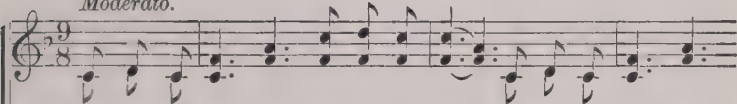
# No. 67.

# Life Everlasting.

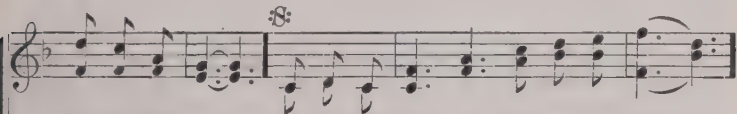
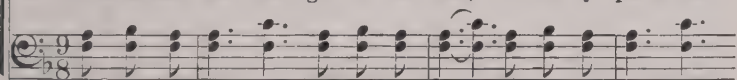
C. E. R.

C. E. ROWLEY.

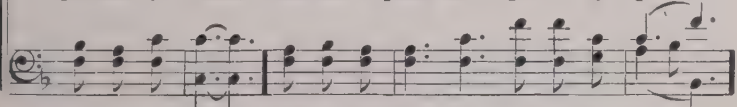
*Moderato.*



1. "Straight is the gate and nar-row the way, Leading to life," our
2. Wea-ry, my broth-er, la-den with sin, Je-sus now waits to
3. Pre-cious sal-va-tion glo-ri-ous rest, Per-fect-ly par-doned

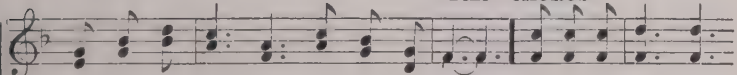


Sav-ior doth say; List to His voice, re-pent and be-lieve,  
welcome you in; Low-ly in heart, oh, fly to His breast;  
per-fect-ly blest, Full-ness of peace and pu-ri-ty giv'n;



*D. S.*—List to His voice, re-pent and be-lieve,

**Fine. CHORUS.**



Life ev-er-last-ing you shall re-ceive.  
You shall there find that heav-en-ly rest. } Life ev-er-last-ing,  
Full-ness of bliss for-ev-er in heav'n. }

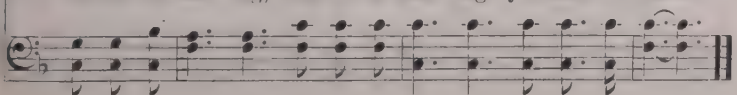


Life ev-er-last-ing you shall re-ceive.



*D. S.*

life ev-er-last-ing, Life ev-er-last-ing you shall re-ceive:

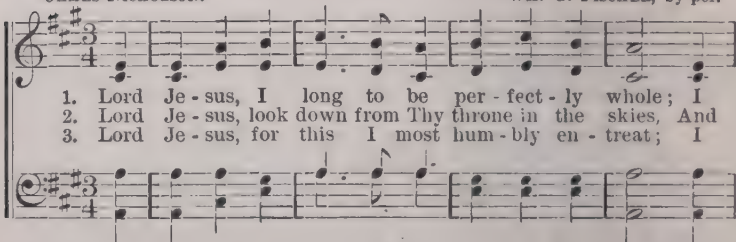


## No. 68.

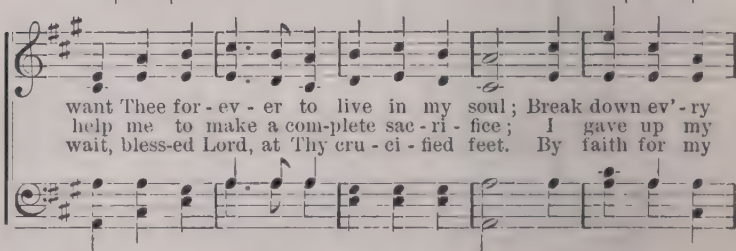
## WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

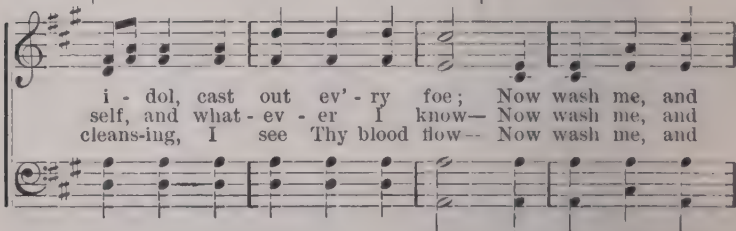
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I  
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And  
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I

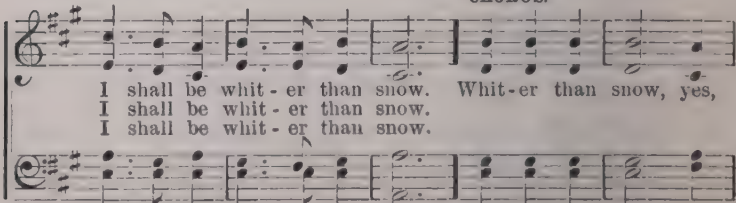


want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev' - ry  
 help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I gave up my  
 wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet. By faith for my

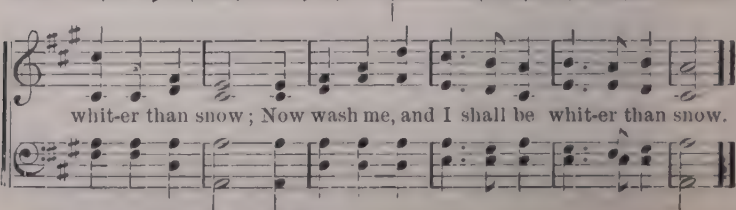


i - dol, cast out ev' - ry foe; Now wash me, and  
 self, and what - ev - er I know— Now wash me, and  
 cleans - ing, I see Thy blood flow— Now wash me, and

## CHORUS.



I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,  
 I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 I shall be whit - er than snow.

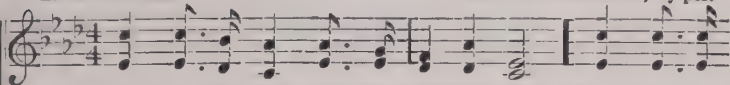


whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

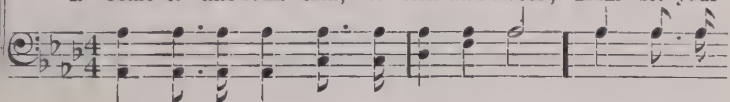
# No. 69. GLORY TO HIS NAME!

E. A. HOFFMAN.

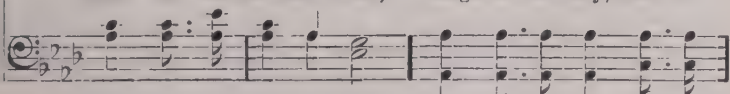
REV. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



1. Down at the cross where the Sav-iour died, Down where for
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin; Je - sus so
3. O pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so
4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet; Hum-ble your



cleans-ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the  
sweet-ly a-bides with-in, Saves me each mo-ment, and  
glad I have en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me, and  
soul at the Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be

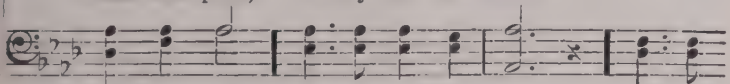


*D.S.*—Now to my heart is the

*Fine.* CHORUS.



blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to His name! Glo-ry  
keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name!  
keeps me clean, Glo-ry to His name!  
made com-plete, Glo-ry to His name!



blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to His name!



to His name! Glo-ry to His name!



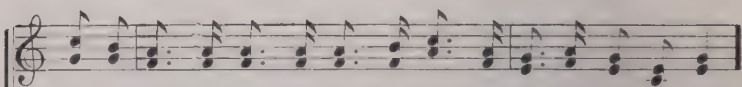
# No. 70. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

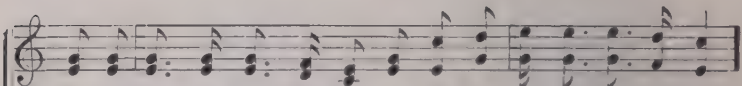
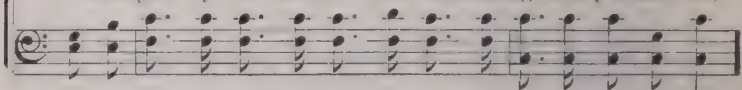
Old Camp-meeting Air.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord;
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps;
3. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re-treat;
4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies Christ was born a-cross the sea,



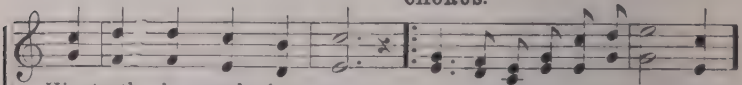
He is tramp-ing out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
They have build-ed Him an al-tar in the evening dews and damps;  
He is sift-ing out the heart of men be-fore His judg-ment seat:  
With a glo-ry in His bos-om that trans-fig-ures you and me;



He hath loosed the fate-ful light-nig of His ter-ri-ble swift sword:  
I have read His right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps:  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-lant, my feet:  
As He died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free.

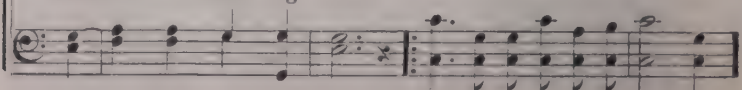


## CHORUS.

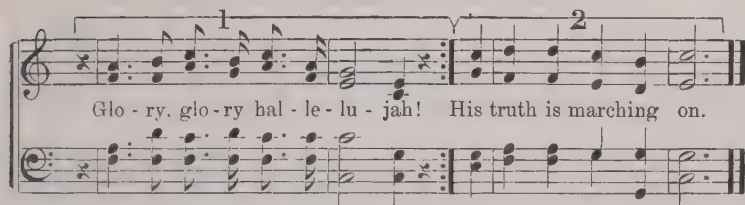


His truth is march-ing on.  
His day is march-ing on.  
Our God is march-ing on.  
While God is march-ing on.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!



# Battle Hymn of the Republic.—*Concluded.*



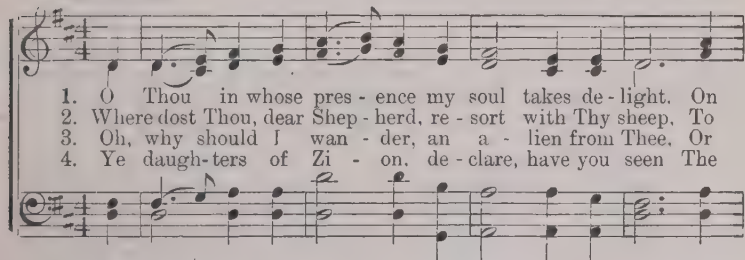
Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.

## No. 71.

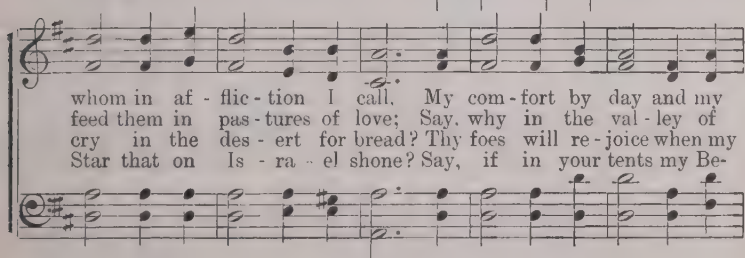
## Meditation.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

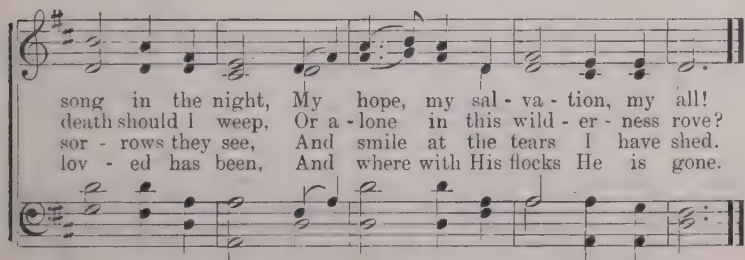
FREEMAN LEWIS.



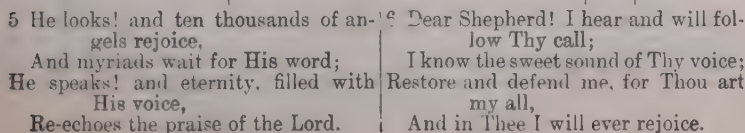
1. O Thou in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light. On  
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shep - herd, re - sort with Thy sheep, To  
3. Oh, why should I wan - der, an a - lien from Thee, Or  
4. Ye daugh - ters of Zi - on, de - clare, have you seen The



whom in af - flic - tion I call. My com - fort by day and my  
feed them in pas - tures of love; Say, why in the val - ley of  
cry in the des - ert for bread? Thy foes will re - joice when my  
Star that on Is - ra - el shone? Say, if in your tents my Be -



song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!  
death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wild - er - ness rove?  
sor - rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.  
lov - ed has been, And where with His flocks He is gone.



5 He looks! and ten thousands of an - gels rejoice, Dear Shepherd! I hear and will fol - low Thy call;  
And myriads wait for His word; I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;  
He speaks! and eternity, filled with Restore and defend me, for Thou art my all,  
His voice, And in Thee I will ever rejoice.  
Re - echoes the praise of the Lord.

# No. 72.

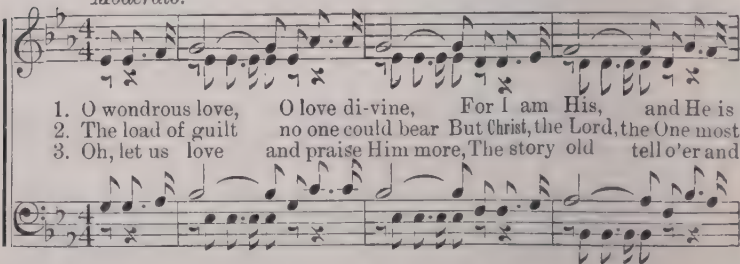
# O Wondrous Love.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—John 3: 16.

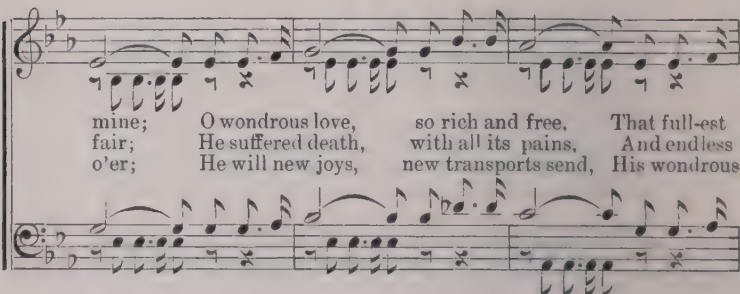
W. F. McCAULEY.

A. F. MYERS.

*Moderato.*

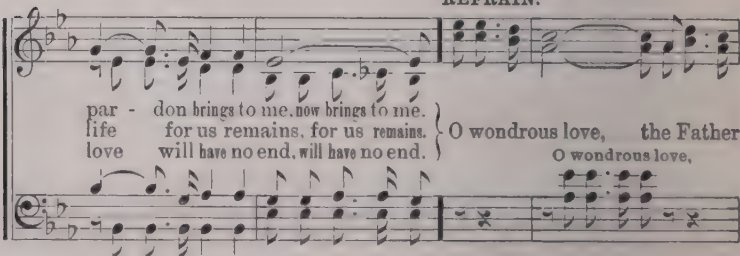


1. O wondrous love, O love di-vine, For I am His, and He is  
 2. The load of guilt no one could bear But Christ, the Lord, the One most  
 3. Oh, let us love and praise Him more, The story old tell o'er and



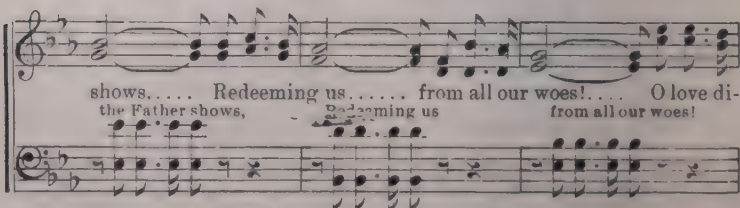
mine; O wondrous love, so rich and free, That full-est  
 fair; He suffered death, with all its pains, And endless  
 o'er; He will new joys, new transports send, His wondrous

## REFRAIN.



par - don brings to me, now brings to me.  
 life for us remains, for us remains. } O wondrous love, the Father  
 love will have no end, will have no end. } O wondrous love,

That fullest pardon brings, now brings to me.  
 And life for us remains, for us remains.  
 His love will have no end, will have no end.



shows,.... Redeeming us,..... from all our woes!.... O love di-  
 the Father shows, - Redeeming us from all our woes!

# O Wondrous Love.—Concluded.

vine, . . . so full and free, . . . That saves the vilest, even me . . . . .  
 O love divine, so full and free, The vilest, even me, yes, even me.

## No. 73. Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

R. LOWRY.

1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
 { What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }  
 2. { For my par-don this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
 { For my cleansing, this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }

### CHORUS.

Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth - er Fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 Naught of good that I have done,  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

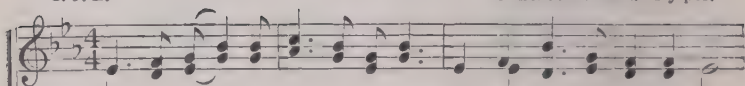
4 This is all my hope and peace—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 This is all my righteousness—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

## No. 74.

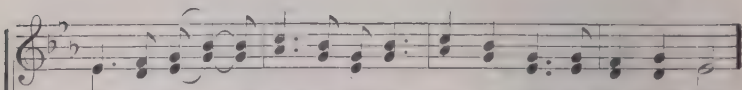
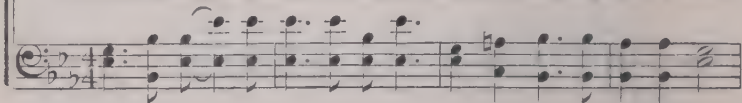
## In That City.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER. By per.



1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit-y, There's a home for ev-'ry one;
2. Here we've no a-bid-ing cit-y, Man-sions here will soon decay;
3. I have loved ones in that cit-y, Those who left me years a-go;
4. Tow'rd that pure and ho-ly cit-y Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;



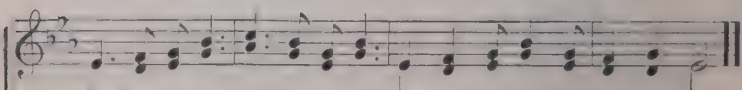
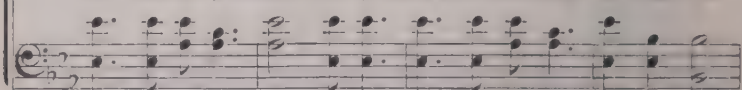
Purchased with a price most costly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.  
 But that cit-y God's built firmly, It can nev-er pass a-way.  
 They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no farewell tears e'er flow  
 Je-sus whis-pers sweet-ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.



## CHORUS.



In that cit-y—bright cit-y, Soon with loved ones I shall be,



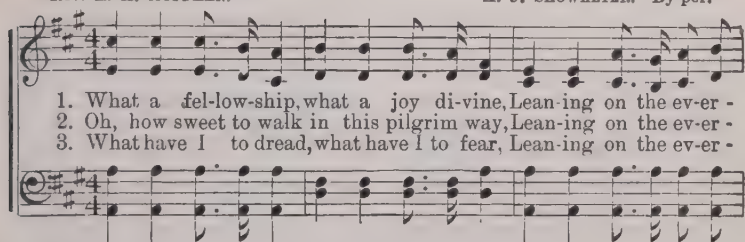
And with Je-sus live for-ev-er, In that cit-y beyond death's sea.



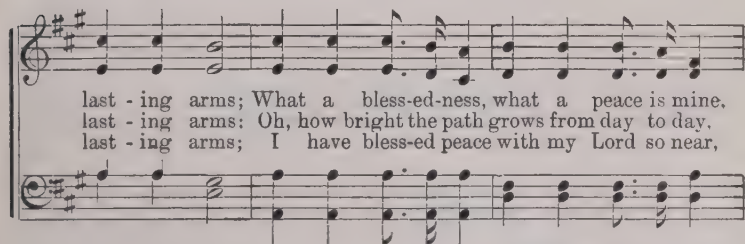
# No. 75. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

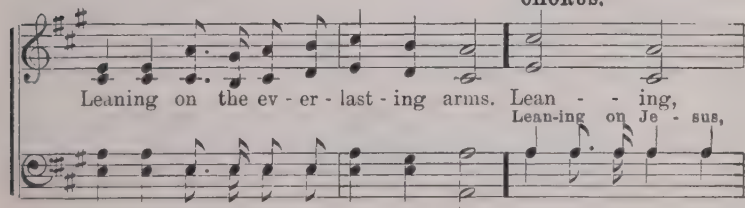


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er -  
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er -  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er -

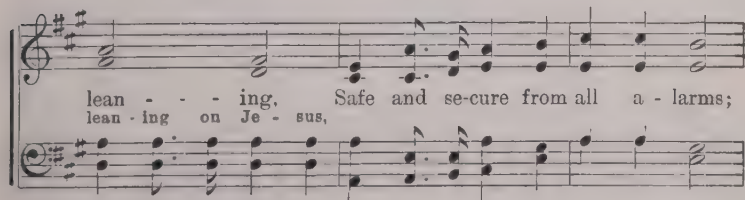


last - ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,  
 last - ing arms: Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last - ing arms; I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,

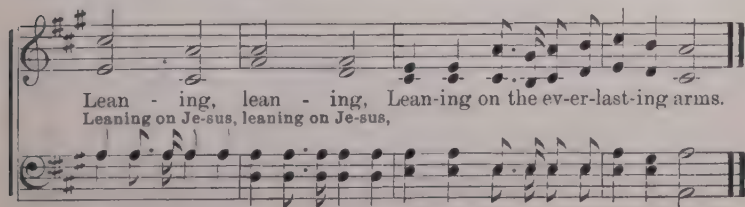
## CHORUS.



Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - - ing,  
 Lean-ing on Je - sus,



lean - - - ing. Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;  
 lean - ing on Je - sus,



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.  
 Leaning on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

## No. 76.

## CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

(May be sung as a Soprano Solo.)

*Trio for Female Voices.*

A. F. A. M.

There were shepherds watching o'er their flocks by night, When

sud-den-ly ap-peared an an gel bright, And round a-bout them shone a

ho - ly light, The glo - ry of the Lord most high.

# CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.—Continued.

*Tenor Solo.*

And the an-gel said to them, "Fear not, fear not, For be-

This system contains the first three staves of the Tenor Solo. The top staff is the Tenor line, the middle is the Treble line, and the bottom is the Bass line. The music is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the Tenor line.

hold I bring you ti-dings of great joy; For to you is born this

This system contains the next three staves of the Tenor Solo. The lyrics continue below the Tenor line.

*Rit.*  
day in Beth - le - hem A Sav-iour, who is Christ, the Lord."

This system contains the final three staves of the Tenor Solo. The tempo marking *Rit.* (Ritardando) is placed above the first staff. The lyrics conclude below the Tenor line.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu - jah! Hal-le-lu - jah! Glo-ry be to God in the high-est!

This system contains the first two staves of the Chorus. The music is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the first staff. A small asterisk (\*) is placed above the first measure of the top staff.

\* Small notes for Instrument.

# CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.—*Concluded.*

1st. 2d.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Peace on earth, good-will to men.

And peace, good-will to men,

Glo-ry be to God in the high-est! Peace on earth, good-will to men,

Peace, good-will to men, Peace, peace, good-will to men,

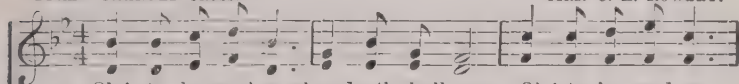
Peace on earth, good-will to men, peace on earth, peace on earth, good-will to men.

As it was in the be-gin-ning, Is now, and ev-er shll be world without

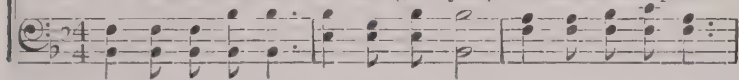
end. A - men, A - men, World with-out end, A - men, A - men.

From "CHANGED CROSS."

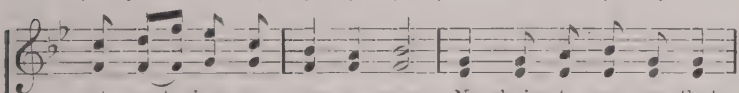
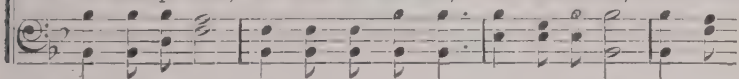
MRS. C. E. ROWLEY.



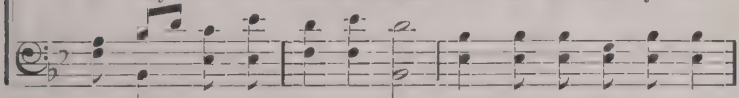
1. Oh! to be read-y when death shall come; Oh! to be read-y
2. No flit-ting shad-ows to dim the light Of an-gel pin-ions
3. To list the mu-sic of an-gel lyres, To catch the rap-ture



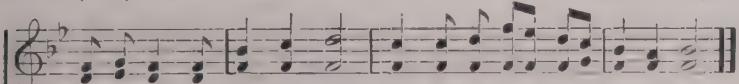
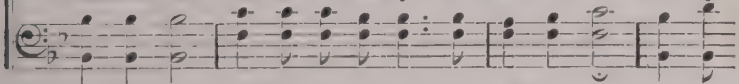
to hast-en home! No earthward cling-ing, no ling'ring gaze, No strife  
winged for their flight, No cloud-like phantoms to fling a gloom, Twixt heav'n's  
of ser-aph fires, To trust in Je-sus, the ris-en One, 'Till borne



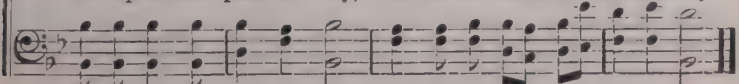
at part-ing, no sore a-maze; No chains to sev-er that  
bright por-tals and earth's dark tomb; But sweet-ly, gen-tly, to  
a-way to a fade-less throne. Oh! to be read-y when

*cres.*

earth hath twined, No spell to loos-en that love would bind, On-ly  
pass a-way From earth-ly twi-light to heav'n's bright day, On-ly  
death shall come! Oh! to be read-y to hast-en home! On-ly



in rap-ture to pass a-way, In-to the realms of end-less day.  
in rap-ture to pass a-way, In-to the realms of end-less day.  
in rap-ture to pass a-way, In-to the realms of end-less day.



## No. 78.

## O It is Wonderful!

E. C. GREEN. Rewritten.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Can it be that Jesus bought me, And on the hallowed cross atoned for me,  
 2. Praise His name, He sought and found me, Saved me from wandering and brought me near;  
 3. It was months He had been wait-ing, Waiting the dawning of the precious hour;  
 4. From that hour He has been seeking How He may fill me with His precious love;

Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? Oh, what a precious, precious Friend is He!  
 Freely now His grace bestowing, Jesus is growing unto me more dear.  
 When I should at last be yielding, Yielding to Jesus ev'ry ran-somed pow'r.  
 How He may thro' grace transform me. Meet for the fellowship of saints above.

## CHORUS.

Oh, it is won-der-ful, ver-y, ver-y won-der-ful,

All His grace so rich and free!  
 [Omit. . . . .] All His love and grace to me!

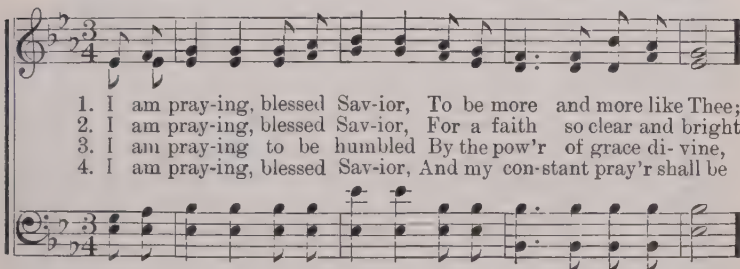
5 As I think of all, I marvel  
 Why in such patience He my good  
 has sought,  
 And bestowed His grace upon me,  
 And in my spirit such a change  
 has wrought.

6 So I cry, with love o'erflowing:  
 "Unto the Savior be eternal  
 praise,"  
 Who redeemed me, soul and body,  
 Filling with gladness all my  
 earthly days.

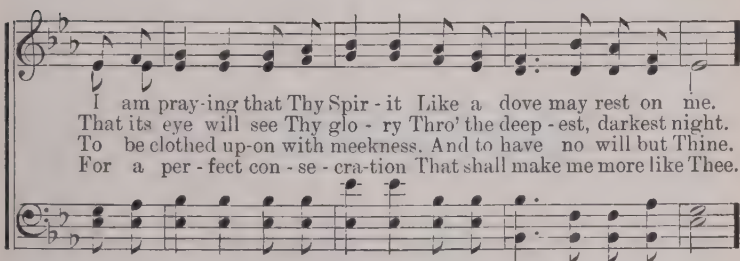
# No. 79. Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

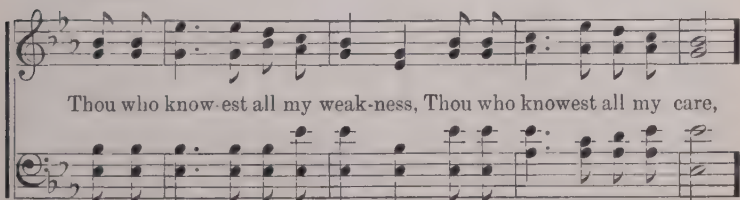


1. I am pray-ing, blessed Sav-ior, To be more and more like Thee;  
2. I am pray-ing, blessed Sav-ior, For a faith so clear and bright  
3. I am pray-ing to be humbled By the pow'r of grace di-vine,  
4. I am pray-ing, blessed Sav-ior, And my con-stant pray'r shall be

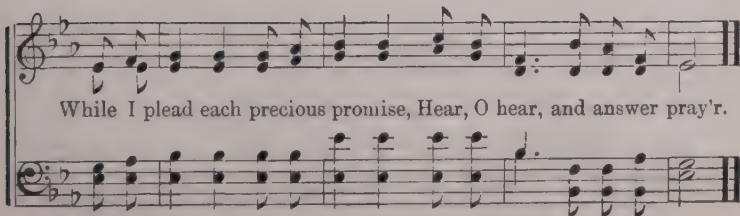


I am pray-ing that Thy Spir-it Like a dove may rest on me.  
That its eye will see Thy glo-ry Thro' the deep-est, darkest night.  
To be clothed up-on with meekness. And to have no will but Thine.  
For a per-fect con-se-cra-tion That shall make me more like Thee.

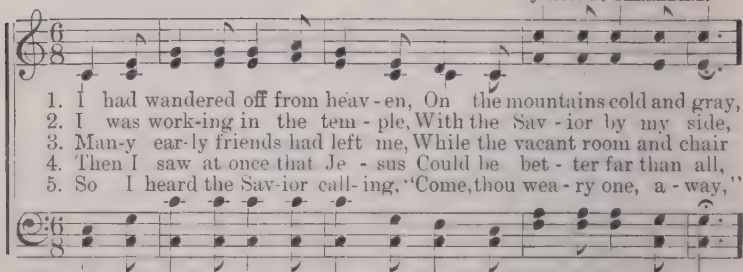
## CHORUS.



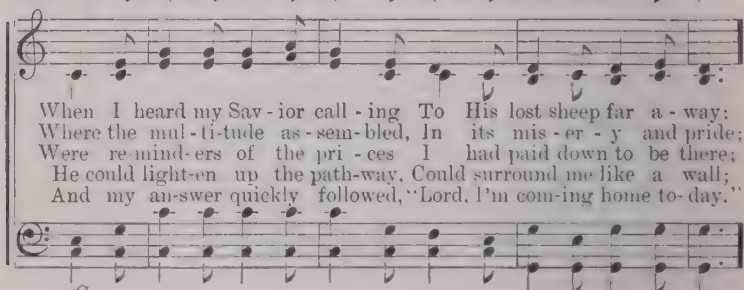
Thou who know-est all my weak-ness, Thou who knowest all my care,



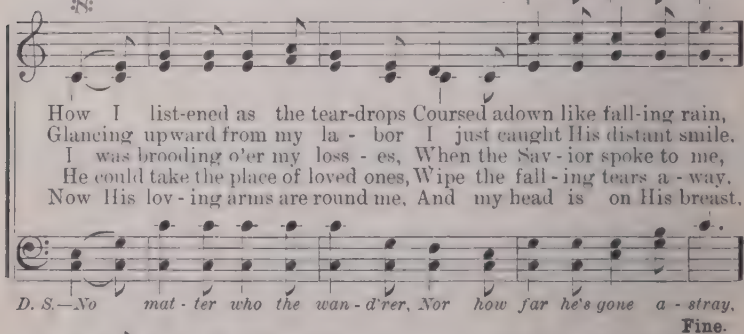
While I plead each precious promise, Hear, O hear, and answer pray'r.



1. I had wandered off from heav-en, On the mountains cold and gray,  
 2. I was work-ing in the tem-ple, With the Sav-ior by my side,  
 3. Man-y ear-ly friends had left me, While the vacant room and chair  
 4. Then I saw at once that Je-sus Could be bet-ter far than all,  
 5. So I heard the Sav-ior call-ing, "Come, thou wea-ry one, a-way,"

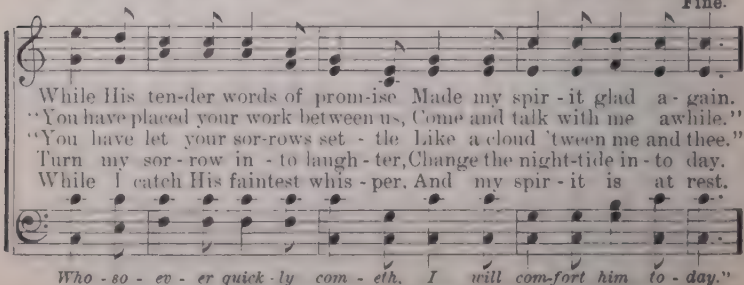


When I heard my Sav-ior call-ing To His lost sheep far a-way;  
 Where the mul-ti-tude as-sem-bled, In its mis-er-ry and pride;  
 Were re-mind-ers of the pri-ces I had paid down to be there;  
 He could light-en up the path-way, Could surround me like a wall;  
 And my an-swer quickly followed, "Lord, I'm com-ing home to-day."



How I list-ened as the tear-drops Coursed adown like fall-ing rain,  
 Glancing upward from my la-bor I just caught His distant smile.  
 I was brooding o'er my loss-es, When the Sav-ior spoke to me,  
 He could take the place of loved ones, Wipe the fall-ing tears a-way.  
 Now His lov-ing arms are round me, And my head is on His breast.

*D. S.*—No mat-ter who the wan-d'r'er, Nor how far he's gone a-stray,  
 Fine.



While His ten-der words of prom-ise Made my spir-it glad a-gain.  
 "You have placed your work between us, Come and talk with me awhile."  
 "You have let your sor-rows set-tle Like a cloud 'tween me and thee."  
 Turn my sor-row in-to laugh-ter, Change the night-tide in-to day.  
 While I catch His faintest whis-per, And my spir-it is at rest.

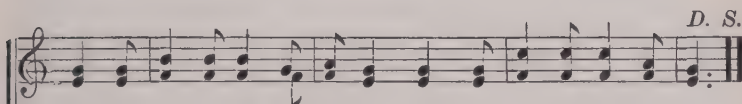
*Who-so-ev-er quick-ly com-eth, I will com-fort him to-day."*

# The Wanderer.—*Concluded.*

## CHORUS.



"Come, O come to me," said Je - sus, "Come, and I will give you rest,

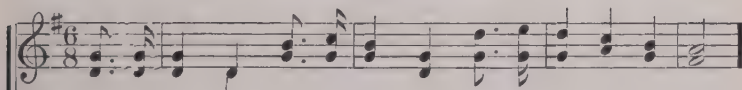


I will take a-way the bur-den From the heav-y - la-den breast;

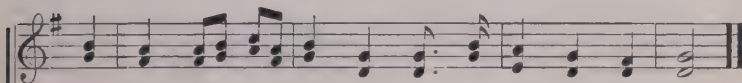


## No. 81.

## Come to Jesus.



1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;



Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.



2 He will save you.  
3 Oh, believe Him,  
4 He is able.  
5 He is willing.  
6 He'll receive you.  
7 Call upon Him.

8 He will hear you.  
9 Look unto Him.  
10 He'll forgive you.  
11 Flee to Jesus.  
12 Only trust Him.  
13 Jesus loves you.

14 Don't reject Him.  
15 I believe Him.  
16 He will bless you.  
17 He will cleanse you.  
18 He will clothe you.  
19 Hallelujah, Amen.

# No. 82. Turned Away from the Beautiful Gate.

D. E. DORTCH.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.

*Not too fast.*



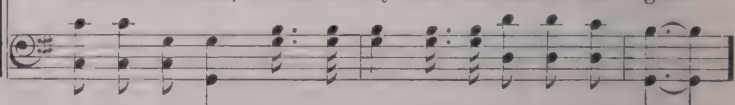
1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord
2. Some one will hear the an - gels' song, And wish he could
3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Je - sus pro -
4. Some one will lin - ger with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and his
5. Some one will go in - to dark - ness drear, Far off from the
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad



saying, "You can-not come;" With sadness he'll mourn o'er his  
join with the hap-py throng; With sighing he'll mourn o'er his  
nounces the word, "depart;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his  
peo-ple as - cend the skies; With weeping he'll mourn o'er his  
Saviour and all that's dear; With anguish he'll mourn o'er his  
wailings no tongue can tell; With hor - ror he'll mourn o'er his



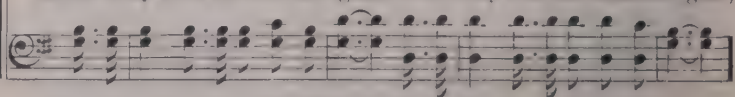
sor-row - ful state, Turned a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate.



## REFRAIN.



Turned away from the beautiful gate, Turned away from the beautiful gate;



## Turned Away, Etc.—*Concluded.*

With sadness he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state, Turned away from the beautiful gate.

## No. 83. God Will Surely Answer Prayer.

REV. S. K. WHEATLAKE.

C. E. ROWLEY.

1. Do you need His pard'ning grace? Come at once and seek His face;
2. Is the cry within your soul, "Oh, that I might be made whole"?
3. Are you wea-ry with the strife, With the many toils of life?
4. What-so-e'er your need may be, There is help in God for thee;

*Fine.*

He'll forgive, do not despair; God will surely answer prayer.  
 Seek the cleansing then and there; God will surely answer prayer.  
 Cast on Him your ev'ry care; God will surely answer prayer.  
 All your need to Him declare; God will surely answer prayer.

*D. S.*—Cast on Him your ev'ry care, God will sure-ly answer prayer.

**REFRAIN.**

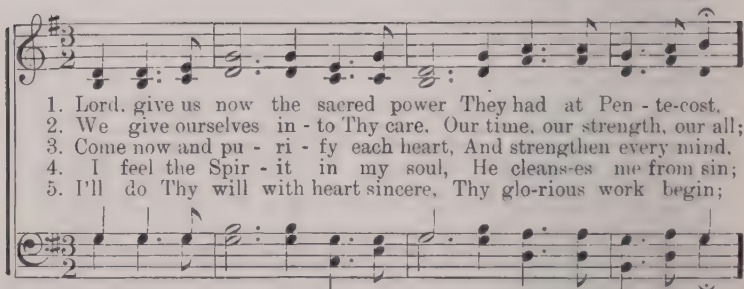
*D. S.*

Sure - ly, sure - ly, God will an - swer prayer;

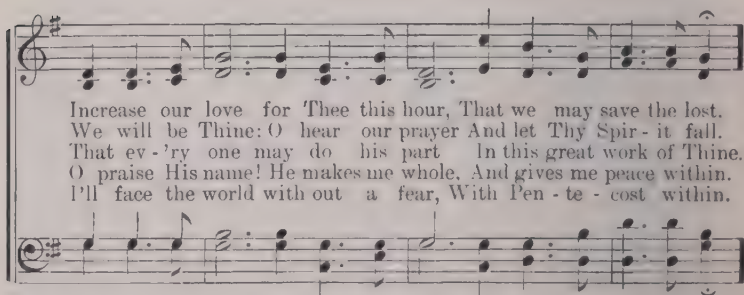
# No. 84. The Pentecostal Power.

J. O. S.

REV. J. O. STUTSMAN.

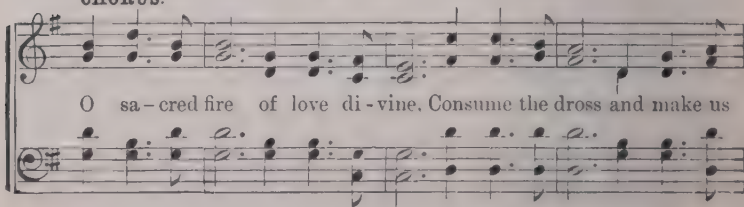


1. Lord, give us now the sacred power They had at Pen - te - cost,  
2. We give ourselves in - to Thy care. Our time, our strength, our all;  
3. Come now and pu - ri - fy each heart, And strengthen every mind,  
4. I feel the Spir - it in my soul, He cleans - es me from sin;  
5. I'll do Thy will with heart sincere, Thy glo - rious work begin;

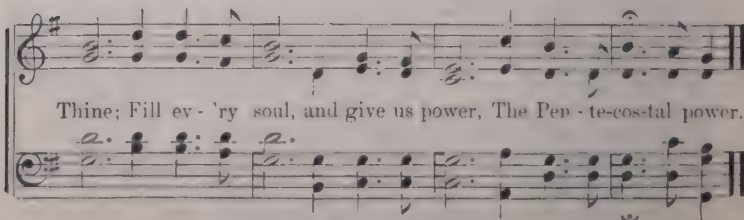


Increase our love for Thee this hour, That we may save the lost.  
We will be Thine: O hear our prayer And let Thy Spir - it fall.  
That ev - 'ry one may do his part In this great work of Thine.  
O praise His name! He makes me whole, And gives me peace within.  
I'll face the world with out a fear, With Pen - te - cost within.

## CHORUS.



O sa - cred fire of love di - vine, Consume the dross and make us

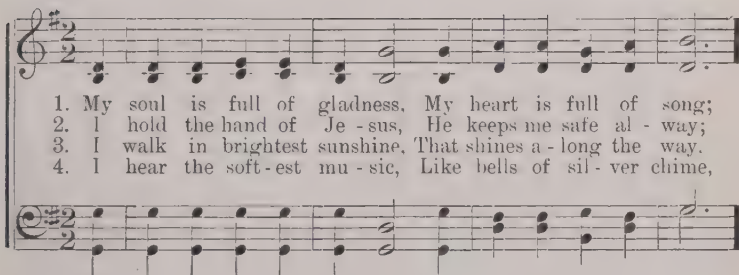


Thine; Fill ev - 'ry soul, and give us power, The Pen - te - cos - tal power.

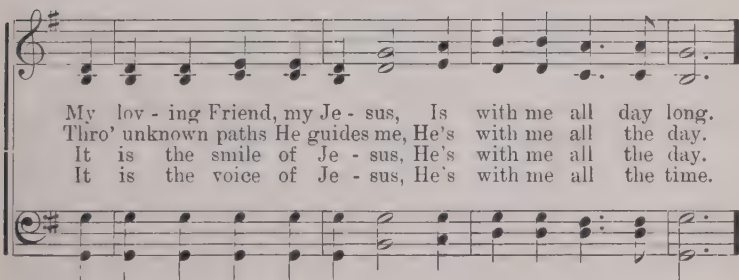
# No. 85. He's With Me All the Time.

M. D. K.

M. D. KIRKPATRICK.

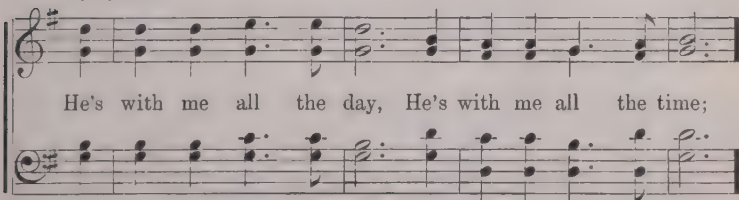


1. My soul is full of gladness, My heart is full of song;  
 2. I hold the hand of Je - sus, He keeps me safe al - way;  
 3. I walk in brightest sunshine, That shines a - long the way.  
 4. I hear the soft - est mu - sic, Like bells of sil - ver chime,

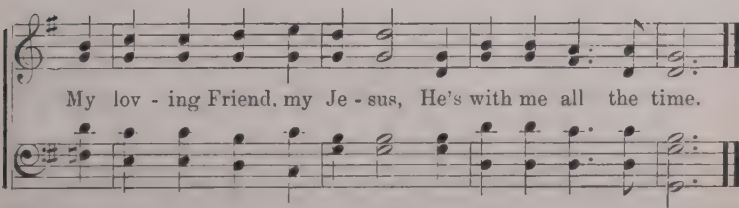


My lov - ing Friend, my Je - sus, Is with me all day long.  
 Thro' unknown paths He guides me, He's with me all the day.  
 It is the smile of Je - sus, He's with me all the day.  
 It is the voice of Je - sus, He's with me all the time.

## CHORUS.



He's with me all the day, He's with me all the time;

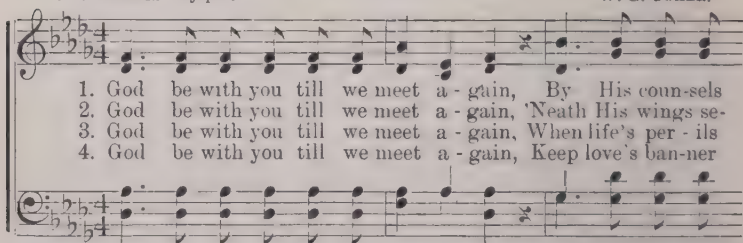


My lov - ing Friend, my Je - sus, He's with me all the time.

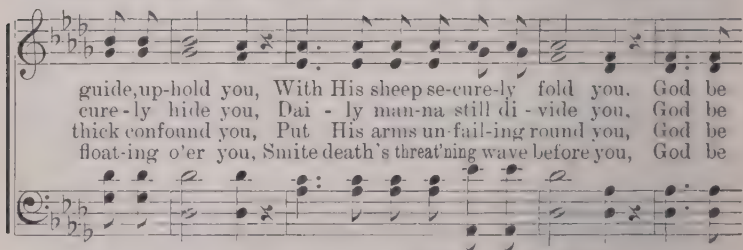
# No. 86. God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN. By per.

W. G. TOMER.

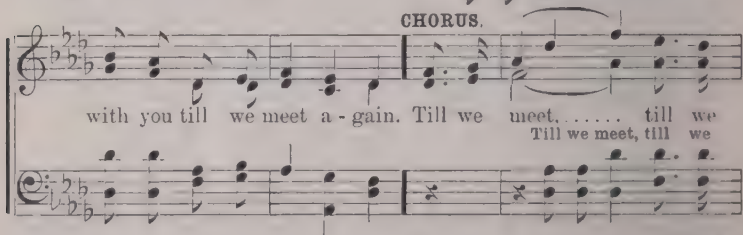


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels  
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-  
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils  
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner

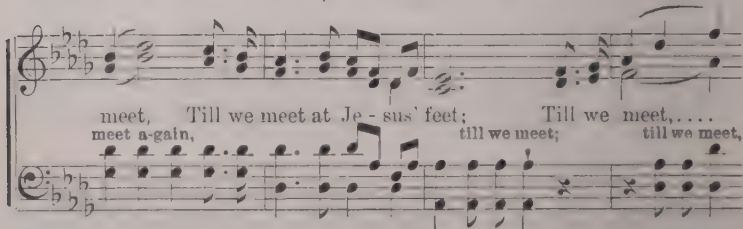


guide, up-hold you, With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you. God be  
 cure-ly hide you, Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you. God be  
 thick confound you, Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be  
 float-ing o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be

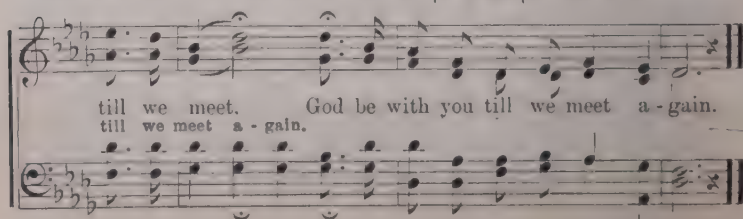
**CHORUS.**



with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, . . . . . till we  
 Till we meet, till we



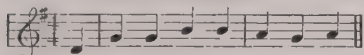
meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet, . . .  
 meet a - gain, . . . . . till we meet; till we meet,



till we meet. God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 till we meet a - gain.

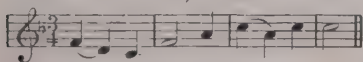
# Standard and Familiar Hymns.

## 87. Tune—Coronation. C. M.



- O** FOR a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,—  
To spread, through all the earth  
abroad,  
The honors of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus! — the Name that charms our  
fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the pris'ner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 He speaks, — and list'ning to his  
voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye  
dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

## 88. Tune—Vain, Delusive World.



- V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,  
With all of creature good:  
Only Jesus I pursue,  
Who bought me with his blood:  
All thy pleasures I forego;  
I trample on thy wealth and pride;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain;  
'Tis all but vanity:  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—  
He tasted death for me.

- Me to save from endless woe  
The sin-aton'g Victim died:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Here will I set up my rest;  
My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of his breast  
Shall never more depart:  
Whither should a sinner go?  
His wounds for me stand open wide;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.
- 4 Him to know is life and peace,  
And pleasure without end;  
This is all my happiness,  
On Jesus to depend;  
Daily in his grace to grow,  
And ever in his faith abide;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.
- 5 O that I could all invite,  
This saving truth to prove;  
Show the length, the breadth, the  
height,  
And depth of Jesus' love!  
Fain I would to sinners show  
The blood by faith alone applied;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

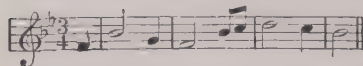
## 89. Tune—Coronation. C. M.

- A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

# STANDARD AND FAMILIAR HYMNS.

## 90. Tune—Avon.

C. M.



**A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sov'reign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

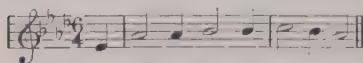
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,  
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
'Tis all that I can do.

## 91. Tune—Ortonville.

C. M.



**A** M I a soldier of the cross,—  
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease;  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,—  
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

## 92. Tune—New Haven. 19th P. M.



**M**Y faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary:  
Saviour divine,  
Now hear me while I pray:  
Take all my guilt away;  
O let me, from this day,  
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart;  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be—  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day;  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distress remove;  
O, bear me safe above,—  
A ransom'd soul.

## 93. Tune—Laban.

S. M.



**M**Y soul, be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

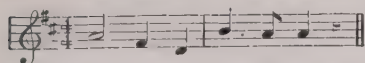
2 O watch, and fight, and pray—  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armour down:  
The work of faith will not be done  
'Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
To his divine abode.

# STANDARD AND FAMILIAR HYMNS.

## 94. Tune—Come, Ye Disconsolate.



**C**OME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;  
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel,  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;  
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,—  
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing—  
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

## 95. Tune—Shawmut. S. M.



**A**ND can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away  
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;  
I can hold out no more;  
I sink, by dying love compell'd,  
And own thee conqueror.

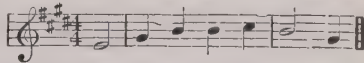
3 Though late, I all forsake;  
My friends, my all, resign:  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove:  
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul  
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—  
Thy only love to know;  
To seek and taste no other bliss,—  
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou;  
Thou all-sufficient art:  
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now  
Enter, and keep my heart.

## 96. Tune—Missionary Hymn. 26th P.M.



**F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand;  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile:  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation!—O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole:  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

## 97. Tune—Dennis. S. M.

**O**COME, and dwell in me,  
Spirit of power within;  
And bring the glorious liberty  
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 The seed of sin's disease,  
Spirit of health, remove,—  
Spirit of finish'd holiness,  
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day  
Which shall my sins consume;  
When old things shall be done away,  
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,  
That all I do is right,—  
According to thy will and word,—  
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;  
Indulge me but in this,  
And soon or later then translate  
To my eternal bliss.

# SPECIAL SELECTIONS

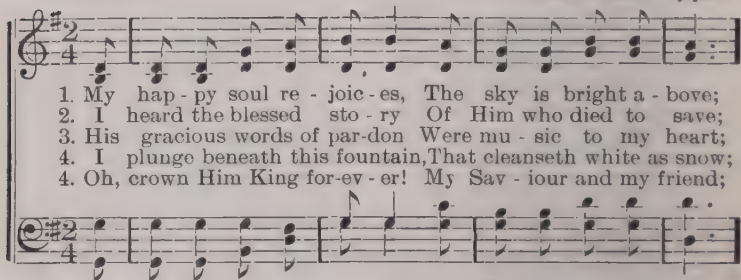
— FOR —

## ENLARGED VICTORY BELLS.

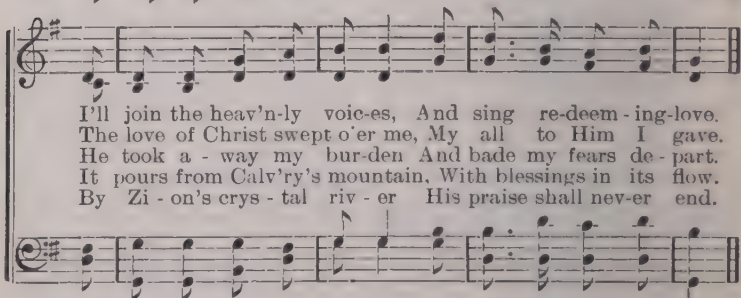
### No. 98. There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TRYAWAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, By per.

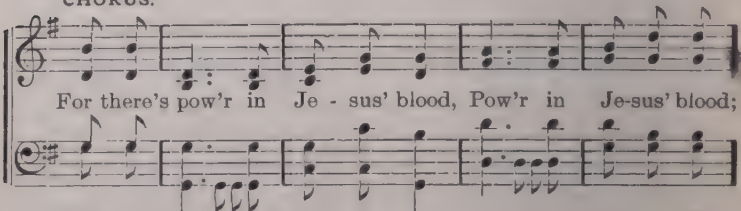


1. My hap - py soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright a - bove;  
 2. I heard the blessed sto - ry Of Him who died to save;  
 3. His gracious words of par-don Were mu - sic to my heart;  
 4. I plunge beneath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow;  
 4. Oh, crown Him King for-ev - er! My Sav - iour and my friend;

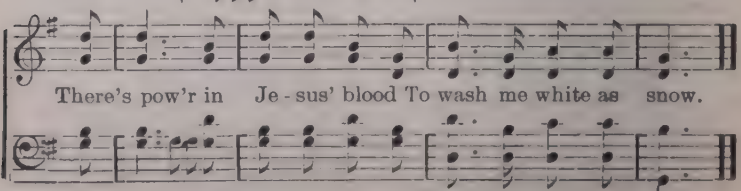


I'll join the heav'n-ly voic-es, And sing re-deem-ing-love.  
 The love of Christ swept o'er me, My all to Him I gave.  
 He took a - way my bur-den And bade my fears de-part.  
 It pours from Calv'ry's mountain, With blessings in its flow.  
 By Zi - on's crys - tal riv - er His praise shall nev-er end.

#### CHORUS.



For there's pow'r in Je - sus' blood, Pow'r in Je-sus' blood;



There's pow'r in Je - sus' blood To wash me white as snow.

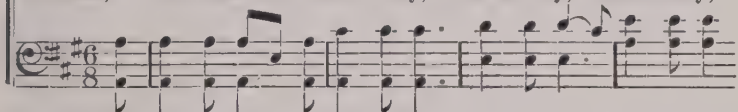
# No. 99. Dear Saviour, I Would Come to Thee.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

Arranged.



1. Dear Saviour, I would come to Thee, come to Thee, come to Thee;
2. Tho' long I've wandered far from Thee, far from Thee, far from Thee;
3. To Thee for mer - cy now I cry, now I cry now I cry,
4. Although my sins as scar-let be, scar-let be, scar-let be;
5. O wash me in that stream di-vine, stream di-vine, stream di-vine;
6. Lord, I be-lieve in Thee to-day, Thee to-day, Thee to-day;



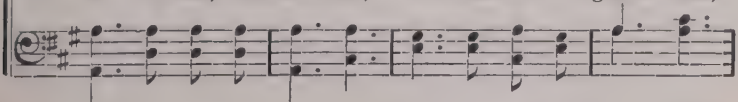
From sin's vile bondage set me free, O save me at the cross.  
Show pi - ty, Lord, and par-don me, O save me at the cross.  
To Thy dear arms would trembling fly, O save me at the cross.  
Thy precious blood a-tones for me, O save me at the cross.  
Ac - cept me, Lord, and call me Thine, O save me at the cross.  
Help Thou my un - be - lief, I pray, O save me at the cross.



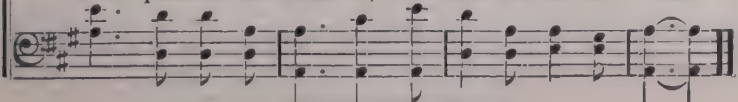
## CHORUS.



O Je-sus, re-ceive me, No more will I grieve Thee,



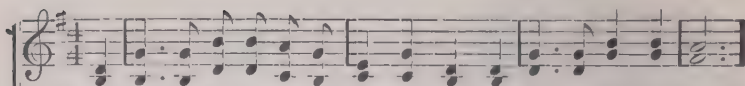
Thou precious Re-deem-er, O save me at the cross.



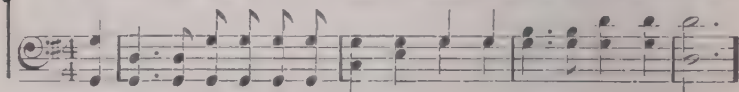
# No. 100. Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V.

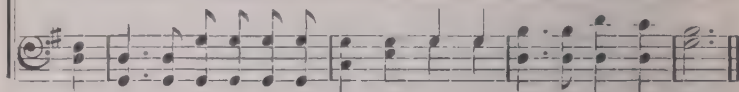
J. W. VANDEVENTER. By per.



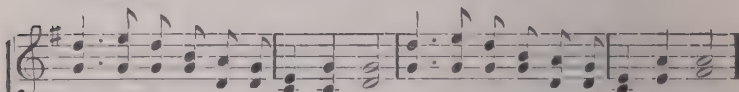
1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgement bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
2. I'll then re - ceive a bright and star - ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet to never part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;



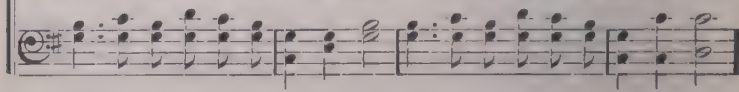
The Lord will then make known the record there; Our names will all be read.  
And when I've been with Him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.  
We'll lay our burdens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for - ev - er more.



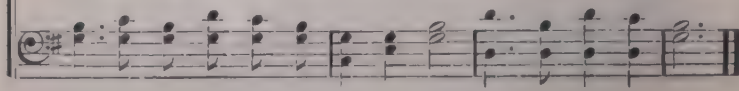
## CHORUS.



I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spot-less thro' the crimson flood;

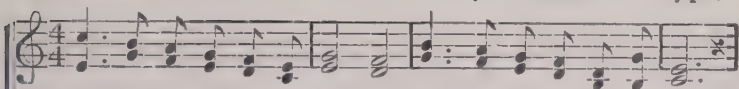


I will an - swer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je - sus blood.

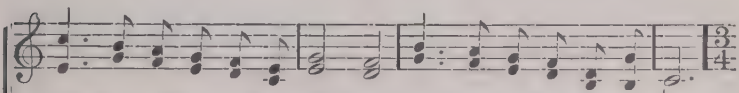
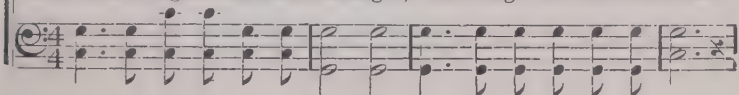


R. ROBINSON.

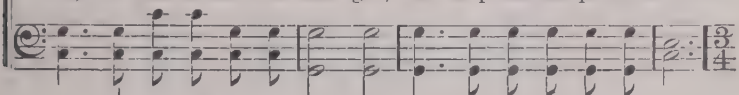
Arr. by J. LINCOLN HALL. By per.



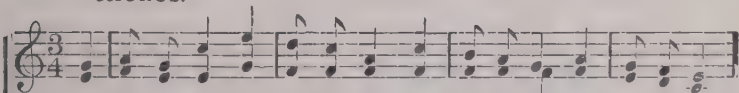
1. Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
2. Teach me some melodious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above ;
3. Here I'll raise mine E-ben-e - zer, Hith - er, by thy help, I'm come ;
4. Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God :



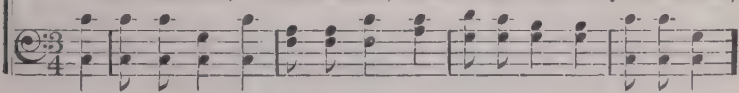
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.  
 Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it, Mount of thy re-deem-ing love !  
 And I hope, by thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.  
 He, to rescue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed his precious blood !



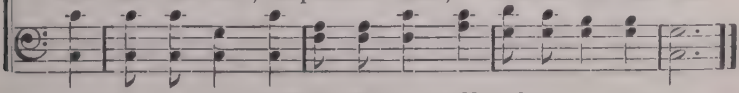
## CHORUS.



I do be-lieve, I now believe, That Je-sus died for you and me ;



And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I am from sin set free.



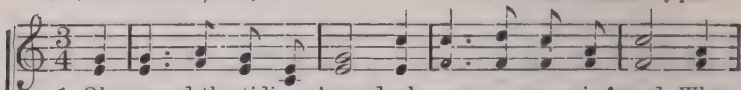
Arr. Copyright, 1899, by HALL-MACK Co.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>5 O ! to grace how great a debtor,<br/>         Daily I'm constrained to be !<br/>         Let thy goodness, like a fetter,<br/>         Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.</p> | <p>6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,<br/>         Prone to leave the God I love :<br/>         Here's my heart, O take and seal it!<br/>         Seal it for thy courts above.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

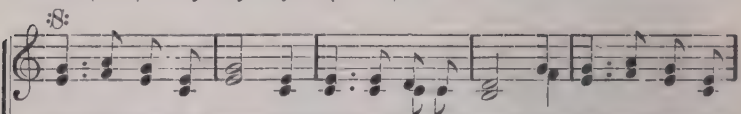
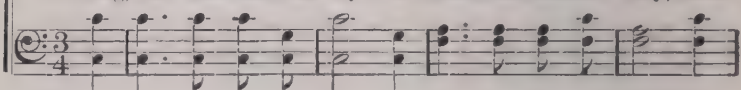
# No. 102. The Comforter Has Come.

REV. F. BOTTOMBE, D. D.

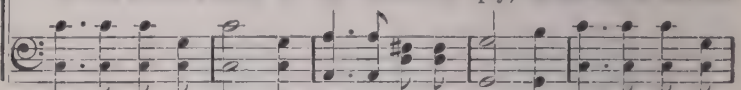
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



1. Oh, spread the tidings 'round, wher-ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in his wings, To
4. Oh, bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine, To
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vaulted sky, And

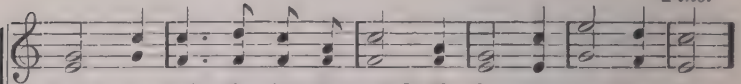


ev - er human hearts and human woes abound; Let ev-'ry Christian  
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the golden  
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings: And thro' the vacant  
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine-That I, a child of  
all the saints a-bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of endless

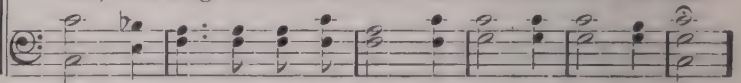


*D.S.-Ho.ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; Oh spread the tid - ings*

*Fine.*



tongue proclaim the joy - ful sound: The Com-fort - er has come!  
hills the day ad - van - ces fast! The Com-fort - er has come!  
cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com-fort - er has come!  
hell, should in his im - age shine! The Com-fort - er has come!  
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort - er has come!



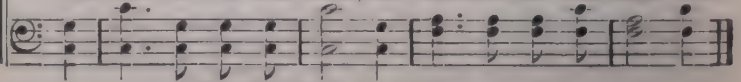
*round, Wher-ev - er man is found-The Com - fort - er has come!*

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

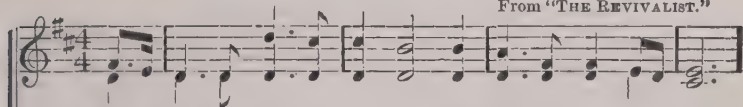


The Com - fort - er has come, The Com-fort - er has come! The

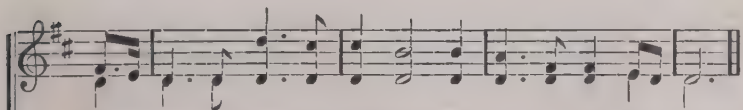
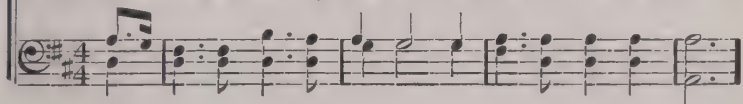


# No. 103. Christ is all the World to Me.

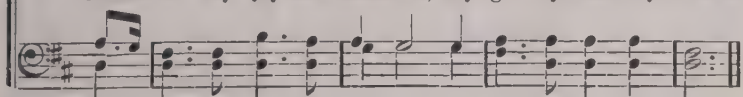
From "THE REVIVALIST."



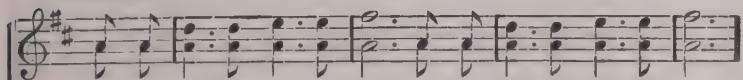
1. My soul is now u - nit - ed To Christ the liv - ing vine ;
2. I was to God a stranger Till Je - sus took me in
3. Soon as my all I ventured On the a - ton - ing blood,
4. Still Christ is my sal - va - tion, What can I cov - et more ?
5. I taste a heavenly pleasure, And need not fear a frown ;



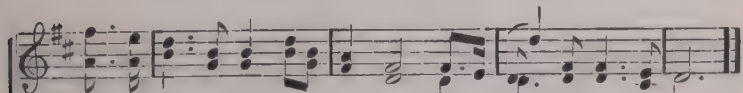
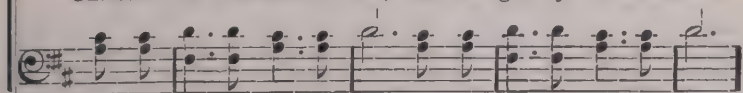
His grace I long have slighted, But now I feel him mine.  
 And freed my soul from danger, And pardoned all my sin.  
 His Ho - ly Spir - it en - tered, And I was born of God.  
 I fear no con - dem - na - tion, My Father's wrath is o'er.  
 Christ is my joy and treas - ure, My glo - ry and my crown.



## CHORUS.



Christ is all the world to me, And his glo - ry I shall see.



And before I'd leave my Saviour, I'd lay me down and die.

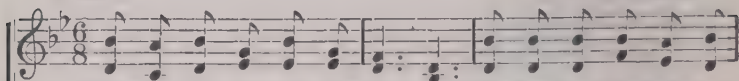


# No. 104. Jesus is Strong to Deliver!

"Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us."—DANIEL 3: 17.

W. MAY.

J. P. WESTON.



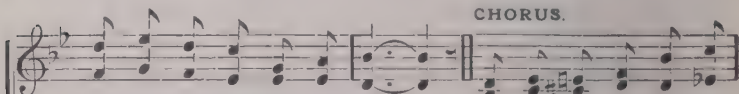
1. When in my sor-row he found me—Found me, and bade me be
2. When in the tempest he'll hide us ; When in the storm he'll be
3. Why are you doubting and fearing ? Why are you still un - der
4. "Yes, I am weak, and I'm helpless ; Try - ing a - gain and a -



whole ; Turned all my night in - to heav - en - ly light, And  
near ; All the way 'long he will car - ry us on— So  
sin ? Have you not found that his grace doth a-bound : He's  
gain !" This may be true, but it's not what you do ; 'Tis

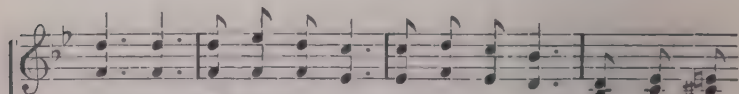


## CHORUS.

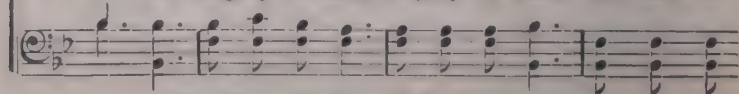


from me my bur-den did roll.  
now we have nothing to fear.  
mighty to save, let him in !  
he who's the mighty to save !"

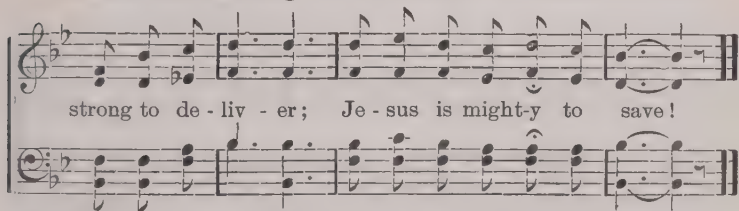
Je - sus is strong to de -



liv - er : Mighty to save, mighty to save ! Je - sus is



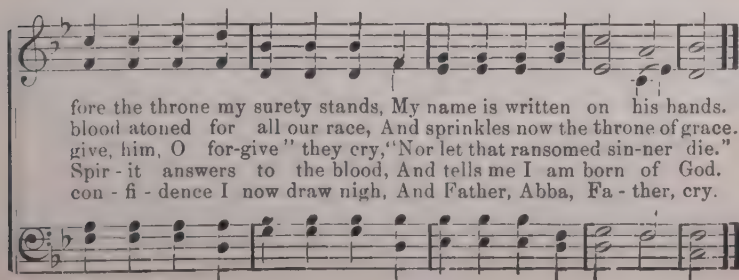
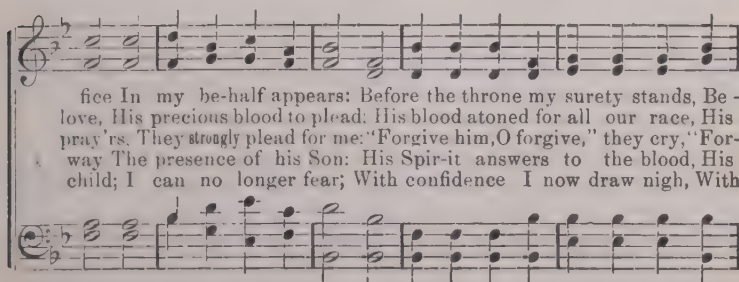
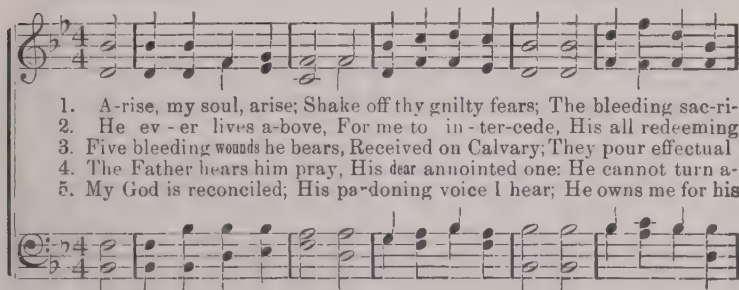
# Jesus is Strong to Deliver!—Concluded.



## No. 105. Arise, my Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

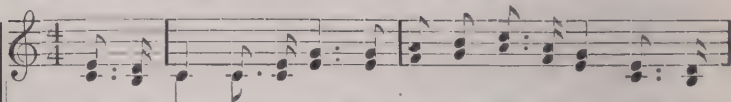
Tune: LENOX, H. M.



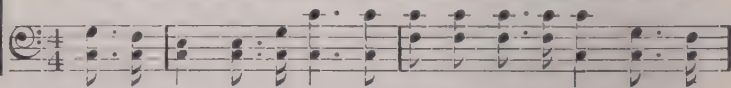
# No. 106. Marching On to Victory.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS. Alt.

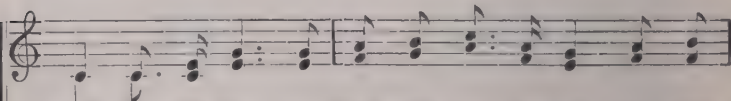
Music and Chorus by C. E. ROWLEY.



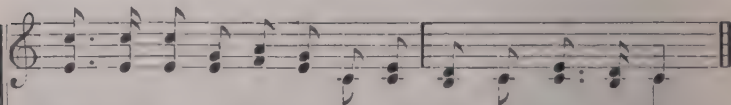
1. O thou poor, weary child, from Father's house a-stray, On the
2. Say, I now will a-rise, and to my Fa-ther go, For al-
3. Thus our Fa-ther a-bove re-ceiv-eth one and all, Nev - er



mountains of fol - ly why wan-der - ing a - way? Come to-  
though so un-worth-y, His love is true, I know; And though  
yet did a sin - ner in vain for mer - cy call; O re-



day as you are, no more from Him to roam, 'Tis your  
sin - ful I've been, He will the past for give, And with  
jeet Him no more, His grace no long - er spurn, To the



Father's voice en-treat-ing you, come home, my child, come home.  
lov - ing arms ex-tend - ed will His wand'ring child re - ceive.  
feast of love a-wait-ing you, oh, wan - der - er, re - turn!

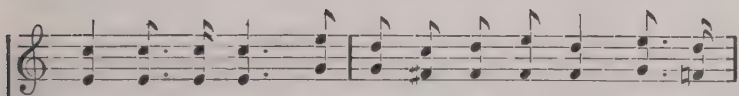


# Marching On to Victory.—Concluded.

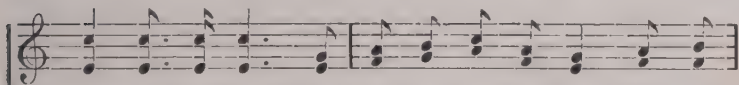
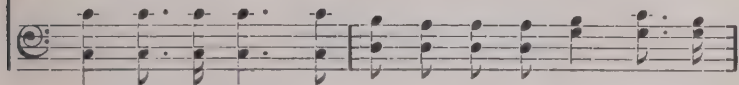
## CHORUS.



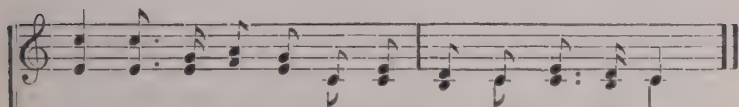
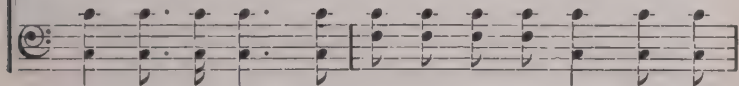
Come, O come, come a-way, ye wea-ry wand'ers, come; O



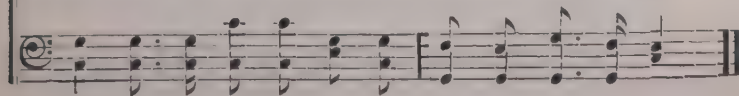
hast-en, to-day, your Fa-ther calls you home; There is



par-don for thee, sal-va-tion full and free, We will



shout hal-le-lu-jah! marching on to vic-to-ry.

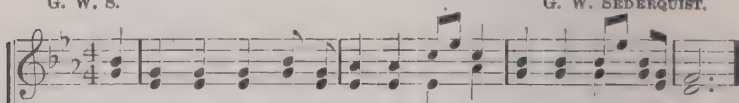


# No. 107. Breaking of the Day.

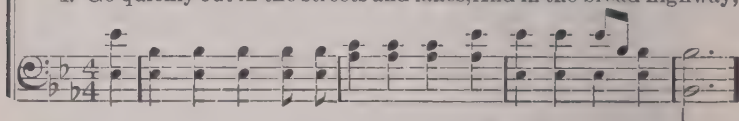
"I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you."—John 14: 18.

G. W. S.

G. W. SEDERQUIST.



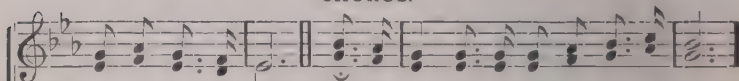
1. 'Tis almost time for the Lord to come, I hear the people say;
2. The signs foretold in the sun and moon, In earth and sea and sky,
3. It must be time for the waiting Church To cast her pride a-way,
4. Go quickly out in the streets and lanes, And in the broad highway,



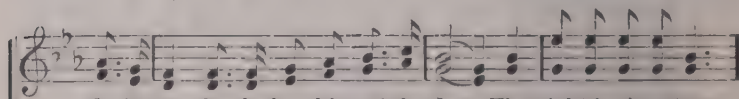
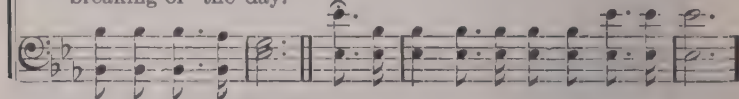
The stars of heav'n are grow-ing dim, It must be the  
A - loud pro-claim to all man-kind, The coming of the  
With gird-ed loins and burn-ing lamps To look for the  
And call the maimed, the halt, and blind To be ready for the



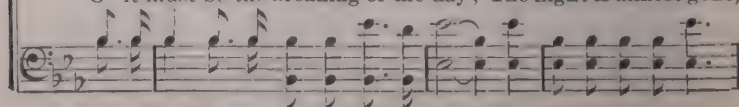
## CHORUS.



breaking of the day. O it must be the breaking of the day,  
Mas-ter draweth nigh.  
breaking of the day.  
breaking of the day.



O it must be the breaking of the day; The night is almost gone,



# Breaking of the Day.—Concluded.

The day is coming on ; O it must be the breaking of the day.

## No. 108. Turn to the Lord.

REV. JOSEPH HART.

(8s & 7s.)

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ; }  
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r : }  
 2. { Now, ye need - y, come and welcome ; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy ; }  
 { True be - lief and true repentance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh. }

*D. C. - Glo-ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.*

CHORUS.

D. C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name ;

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
 All the fitness He requireth  
 Is to feel your need of him,  
 ¶: This he gives you ; :||  
 'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Bruised and mangled by the fall ;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all ;  
 ¶: Not the righteous—:||  
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

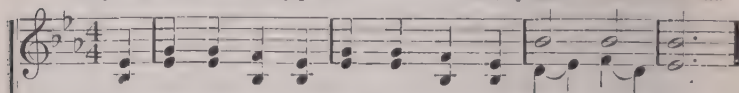
5 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies,  
 On the bloody tree behold him !  
 Hear him cry, before he dies,  
 ¶: "It is finished !" :||  
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! the incarnate God, ascending,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;  
 Venture on him, venture freely ;  
 Let no other trust intrude ;  
 ¶: None but Jesus :||  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

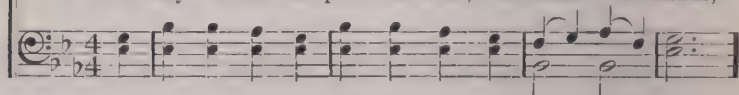
# No. 109. Not Made With Hands.

Arr. by JOHN S. BROWN. By per.

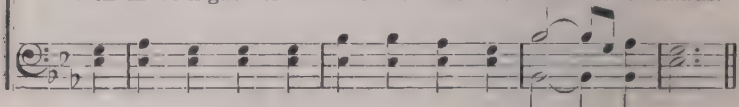
Arr. by MISS AVANELLE DYER.



1. Christ went a building to pre-pare, Not made with hands,
2. Put on the ar-mor of our God, Not made with hands,
3. Keep fighting sin, that aw-ful foe, Not made with hands,
4. Then come up, children, get your crown, Not made with hands,
5. That city's built with precious stone, Not made with hands,



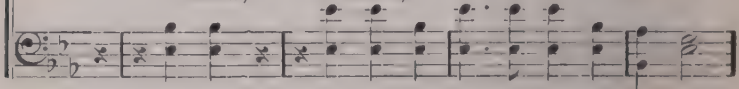
And 'twill be deck'd with jew-els rare, Not made with hands.  
 And take the path our Captain trod, Not made with hands  
 Un-til you hear the trumpet blow, Not made with hands.  
 When you have laid your ar-mor down, Not made with hands.  
 With-in we'll gath-er 'round the throne Not made with hands.



## CHORUS.



I know, I know I have an-oth-er build-ing;  
 I know, I know,



I know, I know 'Tis not made with hands.  
 I know, I know



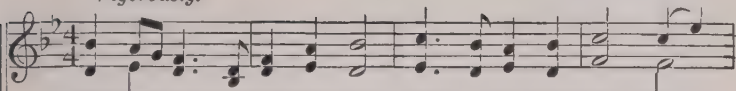
# No. 110.

# Fellowship Song.

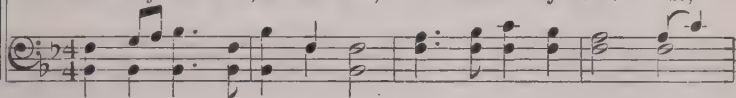
LEVI GILBERT, D. D.

Rev. N. S. BRACKNEY.

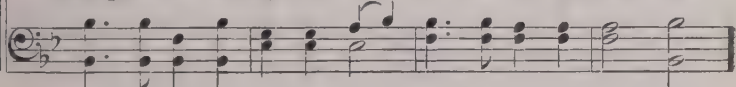
*Vigorously.*



1. Broth-ers of our Epworth Band, Wide-ly though you're parted,
2. North and South, and East and West, By one faith u - nit - ed;
3. Let our tes - ti-mo-nies blend, Je - sus Christ confess - ing;
4. Leagued against the pow'rs of sin, Knowing no re - treat - ing;
5. Heav-'nly Fa - ther, hear us now, For our du - ty nerve us;



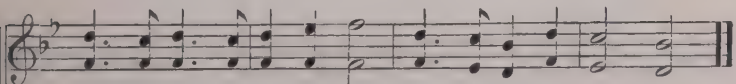
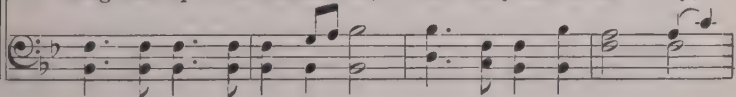
Grasp each oth - er by the hand, Pledge a love true-heart - ed.  
In the Church we love the best, At her al - tars plight - ed.  
Let our songs and pray'rs ascend, Belt the earth with bless - ing.  
Chris - tian soldiers, mus - ter in, Sa - tan's host de - feat - ing.  
Strengthen us to keep our vow, In the ho - ly serv - ice.



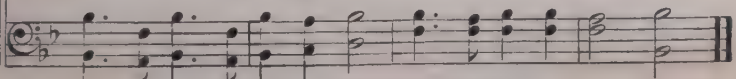
## CHORUS.



Fling our Ep-worth Ban-ner out, Tell our youth its sto - ry;



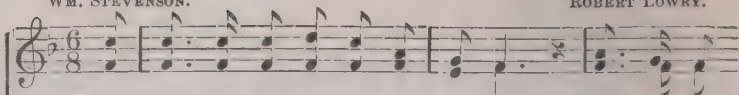
On-ward march with song and shout, Vic - to - ry and glo - ry.



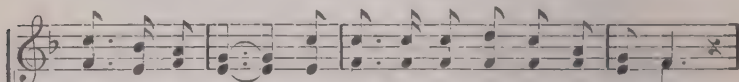
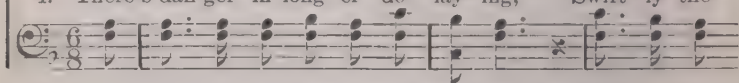
# No. 111. Jesus Will Help You.

WM. STEVENSON.

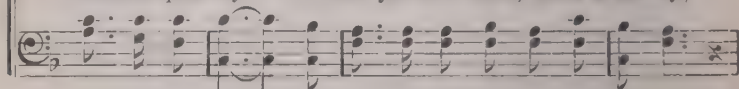
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. The Sav - iour is call - ing you, sin - ner — Urg - ing you
2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, oh,
3. The Sav - iour is call - ing you, wand'rer — Points you to
4. There's dan - ger in long - er de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the



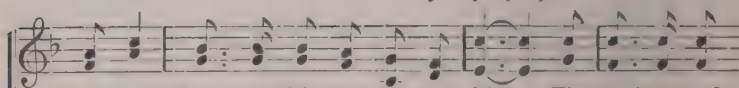
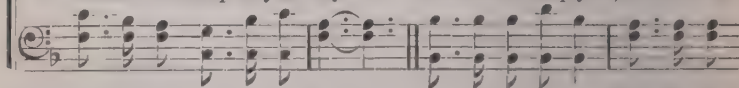
now to draw nigh; He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him;  
why will you die? Ac - cept Him by faith as your Sav - iour;  
mansions on high; Re - turn to the path that leads homeward;  
moments pass by: If now you will come, there is mer - cy;



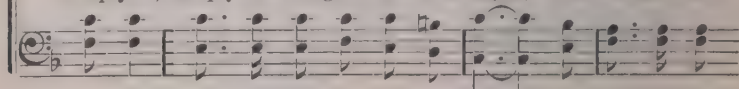
## REFRAIN.



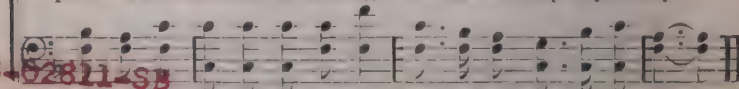
Je - sus will help if you try. Je - sus will help you, Je - sus will



help you, Help you with grace from on high; The weakest and



poor - est the Saviour is call - ing; Je - sus will help if you try.



PB. 52811-SB

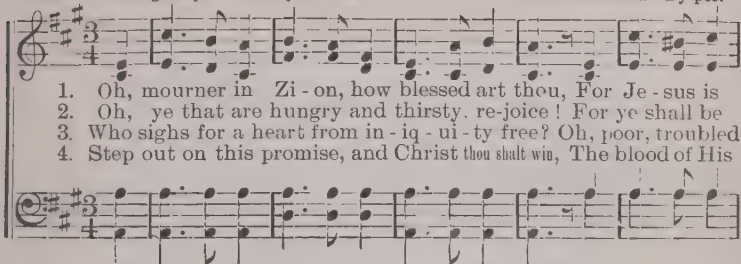
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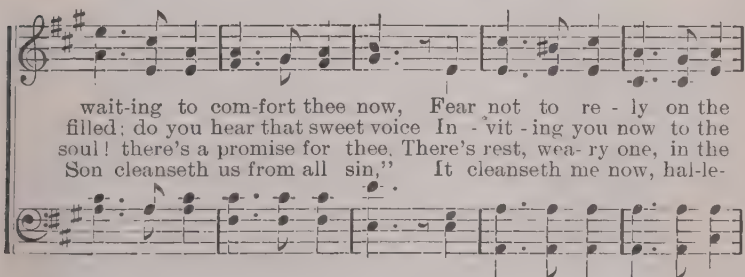
# No. 112. Step Out On the Promise.

From "The Highway." Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER. By per.



1. Oh, mourner in Zi-on, how blessed art thou, For Je-sus is  
 2. Oh, ye that are hungry and thirsty, re-joice! For ye shall be  
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in-iq-ui-ty free? Oh, poor, troubled  
 4. Step out on this promise, and Christ thou shalt win, The blood of His



wait-ing to com-fort thee now, Fear not to re-ly on the  
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice In-vit-ing you now to the  
 soul! there's a promise for thee. There's rest, wea-ry one, in the  
 Son cleanseth us from all sin." It cleanseth me now, hal-le-



word of thy God; Step out on the promise—get under the blood  
 banquet of God? Step out on the promise—get under the blood.  
 bo-som of God; Step out on the promise—get under the blood.  
 lu-jah to God; I rest on His promise—I'm under the blood.

Copyright, 1884, by E. F. MILLER.

# No. 113. Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,  
 And let your joys be known;  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 While ye surround His throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing  
 Who never knew our God,  
 But servants of the heavenly  
 King  
 May speak their joys abroad.

3 There we shall see His face,  
 And never, never sin;

There, from the rivers of His grace,  
 Drink endless pleasures in!

4 The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below;  
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
 From faith and hope may grow.

5 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry;  
 We're marching through triumph  
 uel's ground,  
 To fairer worlds on high.

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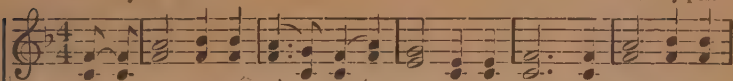


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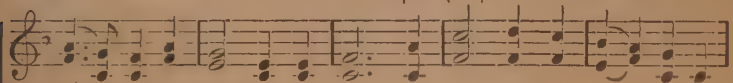
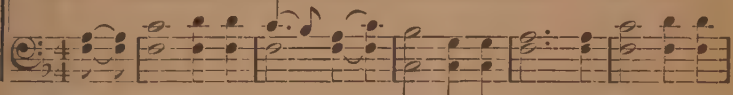
# My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

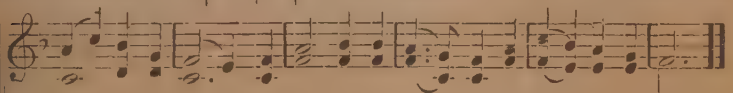
A. J. GORDON. By per.



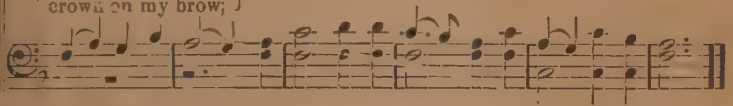
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies  
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



Sav - iour art Thou,  
thorns on Thy brow;  
cold on my brow,  
crown on my brow; } If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.



## O For a Heart to Praise My God.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O for a heart to praise my God,<br/>A heart from sin set free!<br/>A heart that always feels thy<br/>blood,<br/>So freely spilt for me!</p> <p>2 A heart resigned, submissive,<br/>meek,<br/>My great Redeemer's throne:<br/>Where only Christ is heard to<br/>speak,<br/>Where Jesus reigns alone.</p> <p>3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,<br/>Believing, true, and clean,</p> | <p>Which neither life nor death can<br/>part<br/>From Him that dwells within.</p> <p>4 A heart in every thought renewed<br/>And full of love divine;<br/>Perfect, and right, and pure, and<br/>good,<br/>A copy, Lord, of thine.</p> <p>5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;<br/>Come quickly from above;<br/>Write thy new name upon my<br/>heart,<br/>Thy new, best name of Love!</p> |
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